

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

THE Liguorian

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Amongst Ourselves

Innumerable exhibits of Catholic publications appeared in different parts of the country during February. No doubt a great many people saw Catholic newspapers and magazines that they had not known were in existence. Sermons were preached, lectures were given, advertisements were read, canvasses were made. It remains now for the fruit to be borne. That fruit should take a twofold form. First, there should be a stronger determination on the part of all who have anything to do with producing Catholic publications to make them sturdy, appealing, courageous and worthy of the high purpose that they represent. The second form of the fruit of the efforts of Catholic Press Month should be a continued and intelligent interest in the achievements and progress of Catholic publications throughout the year. It is our belief that nothing is worth making a great hullabaloo about for a specific period if it is not worthy of continued and persevering thought, interest and practical action. The Catholic Press does not deserve the noise of Catholic Press Month if it is not something to make a noise about the rest of the year.

Is the Catholic Press worth making a noise about? Well, the slogan that you read on the masthead of THE LIGUORIAN represents fairly accurately the purpose of all Catholic publications. It says: "Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to all that Brings Happiness to Human Beings." Item for item, you will not find a list of objects anywhere more worthy of study, application and interest, and at the same time more vital to the welfare of every individual. The very starting point of the Catholic Press is its most powerful appeal, viz., that it accepts *unchangeable principles* of truth, justice, democracy and religion. In a world that is going around in circles, because its leaders cannot agree on principles, in a world that is full of international disagreements, strikes, race quarrels, suicides, racketeers, dictators, liars, thieves, etc., most of them defending their conduct on the basis of the changeability of truth and the relativity of all standards, people who love peace and want peace should be fascinated by the very thought of unchangeable principles for the attainment of peace. Here they are. Take and read.

The Liguorian

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THE *Liguorian*

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a magazine for the lovers of good reading



*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion,
and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

Mistakes of Capital

Warning: This article is to be followed by one entitled: "Mistakes of Labor."
Readers are asked to consider both articles together, not to take one as
representing the complete views of the author.

D. F. Miller

IT HAS been said rightly, in the midst of the strikes that have broken out in the land and of the ineffectual conferences that have been held between capital and labor, that one of the gravest obstacles to economic peace is the lack of uniform principles on which both sides of the controversies fully agree. The lack of such agreement cannot be denied. Many leaders both on the side of capital and on the side of labor maintain erroneous principles which, because they are erroneous, their opponents can never be expected to accept. There will never be economic peace until false assumptions are abandoned by both sides, and until unity on fundamental principles is established.

Clashes of ideas are far worse than clashes of temperament, of personality, of self-interest, of viewpoint as to the application of principle, etc. Where ideas and principles clash, there is little hope of compromise and peace. That has been clearly shown in the clash of Hitler's ideas with those of other nations, and in the futility of efforts to compromise with him without war. On the other hand,

if people agree on fundamental principles, their secondary differences may, without too much difficulty, be resolved.

One of the most important tasks, therefore, of all who desire peace in the economic world, is to work for the dislodging of false principles both from the minds of capitalists and of laboring men. It is elementary logic to recognize the truth that only if such principles are abandoned, can the capitalistic system, in which all good Americans believe, work out for the well-being of all who live under its rule. So long as wrong ideas prevail, there will be clashes and wars of one kind or another, and the imminent danger that some form of totalitarianism, whether Fascist or Communist, will attempt to supplant the present system.

Both capital and labor, let it be repeated, can cling to wrong principles. One hears such enunciated frequently when economic problems are discussed. In a separate article to follow this, labor's errors will be dealt with. Here are some of the false notions prevalent among those who line up

on the side of capital, whether because of investments in, or ownership and management of plants.

1. *That, since unlimited authority and power over labor were held by capital, management and ownership from the beginning of the industrial era, there is an established right to such unlimited power and authority.*

Up to not many years ago, when the labor movement began to gain influence, the laboring man had nothing to say about wages, working hours, conditions of labor, etc. All these things were decided by the will of the employer alone. There are some employers who maintain that such a method of running a business was just and ideal and essential to the notion of free enterprise, and who even maintain the fabulous thesis that employers, if left to themselves, would have granted labor all the social gains that have been reaped in the past 20 years or would have done more. History refutes this, and the shallowest knowledge of human nature makes it an untenable thesis. So long as the proposition is maintained by employers that they alone should decide labor's recompense, hours, etc., there will be capital and labor wars. For peace there must be acceptance of the proposition that laboring men have a right to a representative voice in the decisions that affect their entire lives, and even, indirectly, the salvation of their souls.

2. *That the fairness and even the generosity of some employers to their working men is a valid argument against the necessity and purpose of unions in general.*

Some employers frequently use this argument. They say that long before labor began to organize, they were

taking care of their employees in a handsome way, paying high wages, giving bonuses, providing care in sickness, etc. Therefore, they add, there is no need for unions. The argument is false for three reasons: 1) Some who use it and brag about their pre-union generosity, were actually not paying anything like living wages. Their bonuses, etc., only looked like generosity to them because it was a bit more than their competitors were doing. 2) Even if some employers did pay living wages before the advent of unions, the unions were necessary to make all employers do so. Unless they could do so, the high wage paying employer would have been forced out of business by competition with companies that paid low wages. 3) Unorganized employees, even though well treated by their employer, remain at the mercy of their employer. Wages can be cut, bonuses withheld, generosity exchanged for niggardliness, according to the will of the employer or as a result of a change in policy or personnel. Living wages are a matter of justice, which organized labor can safeguard, not a matter of generosity on the part of an employer, which can be turned on or off at will.

3. *That if capital co-operates with labor and confers with its representatives and tries to meet its demands, labor will try to take over all the rights and duties of capital.*

This proposition is borne out neither by past experience nor by the present programs and official aims of decent unions in America. It is the false argument being used by U. S. Steel and General Motors Corporation to refuse the wages asked for by the unions and recommended by the President of the United States. Labor has proved its need of the wage being

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asked; it has challenged the corporations to prove that they cannot afford it; it has received the fictitious answer that labor wants to take over all the privileges of management, and that anyway the ability of the companies to pay has nothing to do with what they will pay. Labor has a right to share management's task of seeing that living wages are paid whenever possible; it has not sought to take over management's other prerogatives and privileges.

4. *That because, under the capitalistic system as managed before unions appeared on the scene, some men rose from the ranks of labor to the enviable position of capitalists, all laboring men should be satisfied with the same arrangement and the same opportunity.*

It is an easy thing for the owner or general manager of a large business to say: "I rose from the ranks of labor to the position I now hold, and I did it without the help of any union. Every workingman can do the same, if he has enough push and ambition. Unions only kill the opportunity of workingmen to rise." It is categorically false to say that every workingman can rise from the ranks to a position of wealth; it is mathematically and economically impossible. Moreover, for every one man that rose thus from the ranks in the old days, because he had push and ambition and (it must be added) a great deal of luck, there were tens of thousands who never had a chance and lived on subsistence wages. Unionization does not prevent individuals from bettering themselves, unless there be a conspiracy against them on the part of capital. Unionization is necessary to bring human living

standards to the thousands who will be laboring men all their lives.

5. *That there is no need for a general raising of wage standards among workingmen because it is so easy to find workingmen who have lived well and even saved considerable money on the lower wages.*

It is a favorite resort of capital to point out, when higher wages are asked for by a union, examples of men who, with the lower wages, have nice homes, perhaps automobiles, and even money in the bank. It is undeniable that there are always some who can accomplish these things on almost any kind of wage, by denying themselves all but the cheapest food, by having no families or by training what families they have in the most Spartan frugality, by working at odd jobs in what might be leisure time, etc. Will any capitalist say that he wants to force that kind of living on all American workingmen, even though there are some who seem to enjoy it? It is no difficult task for anyone who can add and multiply to figure out just how much of the goods of America can be bought for a family on \$25 a week or \$35 a week or \$50 a week. The man who builds an argument for low wages on how much human beings are capable of doing without, is not worthy to be called an American.

6. *That, because raising wages of workingmen toward higher living standards has promoted the squandering of money among some of them, they should all be kept on the lower wages.*

This again is one of the specious arguments that can be dramatized to the detriment of labor. Examples can always be found of men who have used everything in excess of a sub-

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sistence wage for gambling, drink, etc., to the neglect of their families and of their primary obligations. But it is absolutely false to argue that this is a common thing, and it can even be argued that the direct cause of squandering is often the unjust treatment so long received.

7. *That it is a denial of freedom to the workingman for established unions to use propaganda and economic pressure to induce him to join a union, or to make it hard for him to get a job if he does not belong to a union.*

The persuasive pressure used by unions to induce workingmen to join them and even the economic sanctions that sometimes make it hard for them to get jobs if they do not belong to a union, are far more a restoration and protection of freedom than a denial of freedom. Their aim is to take workingmen out of the binding compulsion of accepting a low wage dictated by an employer. It is true that some men resent strictures imposed by unions, while they do not resent greater strictures imposed by employers, from which there is no recourse except through a union. If such as these want to use their freedom to take jobs for unjustly low wages, with the result that employers will want all their hired labor to work for like wages, the unions may certainly use propaganda and economic pressure to prevent the making of such unjust contracts and the harm that will come from them to other laboring men. It is usually the capitalist who wants to dictate a low wage who raises a great cry about the poor worker who loses his liberty by joining a union.

8. *That instances of injustice, violence, and force exercised by unprincipled labor union leaders either*

against laboring men or against capital are arguments for squelching the whole labor union movement.

Some discussions of the labor union movement on the part of capitalists turn into harangues against individual instances of the misuse of power on the part of labor. Some capitalists have permitted one such instance of abuse to blind them and prejudice them against all organization of labor. No man can call himself educated who maintains the false principle that the abuse of a good thing is a valid reason for doing away entirely with the thing. It is false to argue that because some men get drunk, no man should be allowed to drink; that because some capitalists cheat their employees, the capitalistic system should be done away with; and that because some labor unions have done evil, the labor movement should be outlawed.

9. *That the labor union movement represents or inevitably leads to Socialism or Communism.*

This is the constant propaganda tactic of some newspapers. Everything associated with labor unions is represented in pink or red. While there has admittedly been infiltration of Socialism and Communism into some labor unions, and even control in some instances, it is not difficult to ascertain two things: 1) that the American labor movement is not by its nature Socialistic or Communistic; and 2) that there are many unions not only 100 per cent American in spirit and program, but absolutely opposed to Socialism and Communism. The allegation, therefore, that the labor union movement is of necessity a work of Socialism and Communism is a product of either ignorance or bad will. One may go further and say

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that the capitalist who resists all unionization is the worst enemy of the capitalistic system, because he provides Socialism and Communism with their best arguments for destroying the capitalistic system.

10. *That the salvation of the country depends on keeping wages down, because that is the only way to prevent inflation.*

This is *prima facie* false, because inflation can be prevented by holding

prices down, even though wages rise. And it is the reasoned conviction of many of the best experts in economic matters, that the only solution for periodic depressions is the raising of living standards among workingmen, with a resulting broadening of markets for goods that a majority of workingmen cannot now buy. If wages are held down instead of prices, the date of the next depression can almost be foretold to the day.

Revolt in the Advertising World

(Lines written on coming across a dental preparation which is advertised as "compounded for the sole purpose of efficiently cleaning the teeth.")

Consider, friends,
This wondrous thing;
An ad that lends
No promising
Of saving life,
Of ending hate,
Of stilling strife,
Reducing weight,
Of killing pain
And e'en perchance
Restoring vain
And lost romance.
It only tells
Of cleaning teeth;
It nothing sells
For underneath!

It doesn't cure
A fetid breath,
It won't for sure
Defer your death.
If toothbrush red
Awakens fright,
This won't be said
To make it white.

It won't create
A gleaming smile
To fetch a date
And love beguile.
If boy friend fond
Has clearly cooled,
He won't respond,
By this stuff fooled.

It doesn't take
The doctor's place
Nor charming make
An ugly face.
It's not applied
For soothing taste;
As germicide
It's just a waste.
No ad man's wild
Delirium
Can say it's piled
With "Jirium."
It's quite a hit
For dental cleaning
Without one whit
Of other meaning.

Behold and lo!
This wild sensation!
An ad with no
Exaggeration!

— F. A. Ryan



Test of Character (35)

On Showing Resentment

L. M. Merrill

Resentment is a modified form of anger that people sometimes feel justified in manifesting, especially toward close relatives and friends, when they would feel unjustified and foolish in giving way to anger in any of its more violent forms. It assumes many different characters, each one of them intended to make the offender aware that he has hurt his companion, but none of them permitting him to say that his companion is angry. In fact a person who is manifesting resentment will often say: "Oh, I'm not angry. Not at all." Of course this carrying water on both shoulders, this show of anger without admitting anger is a mark of smallness and weakness of character. Some of its manifestations are the following:

1. *Aggrieved silence.* One of the choice weapons of people accustomed to give in to resentment is that of aggrieved silence. A wife takes offense at something said or done by her husband, and thereupon goes into a great silence. She speaks only from sheer necessity, and does so then to have an answer if she is accused of being resentfully silent. A husband is crossed up in his wishes on a trip with his family, and will therefore have no part in the common conversation for hours, except for a brief yes or no when directly addressed. Of course this is a clever way of making others suffer for their wrongs, but exceedingly petty and small.

2. *Satirical self-depreciation.* Some small souls prefer the weapon of self-depreciation as a means of showing resentment. They can always say that they really mean the bad things they say about themselves, but it isn't the truth. "Of course I don't know anything. I know that I haven't any brains. I always was dumb, and I suppose I always will be. Don't pay any attention to me, because I never say anything worthwhile." This is supposed to make people squirm and feel unhappy, and the sad part of it is that it succeeds.

3. *Irritating conduct or words.* Resentment also finds expression at times in actions and words that are known to be irritating and discomforting to others. Thus one who has been overruled by his companions while on an auto trip, may show resentment, if he happens to be the driver of the car, by driving so fast and wildly that everybody in the car is afraid for his life. Or, knowing that certain topics or modes of expression are distasteful to others, a resentful person will bring up those topics and say the things that he knows will displease. He can always feign ignorance of the other's feelings in the matter.

Some persons are more inclined by temperament to show resentment in these and similar ways than others. Anyone who has the tendency or who has cultivated the habit should grant it no quarter. Showing resentment leads to greater and greater selfishness and meanness.

God Almighty and the Merchant Marine

The author of this article is chaplain of the New Orleans Catholic Maritime Club, an arm of the War Relief Services of the N.C.W.C.

T. A. McDonough

IF IT is true that everybody is interested in sin, especially other people's sins, I suppose it should be a very easy task to write a sizzling story about the sins of merchant seamen. But that is something I am not going to do. It is high time that merchant seamen were given a square deal. Most movies, some of the cheap detective magazines, a few popular writers, have persisted in giving the impression that there is nothing but sin associated with the merchant marine. This is absolutely and calumniously false.

Herewith on the sunny side, on the religious side, follow a series of views and incidents taken from the actual lives of present day merchant seamen. Thousands of such seamen I know and love. Not one of them has the slightest idea that I am setting down in print a commendatory view of their characters and lives. Rich and salty with kindly humor, every one of the merry men of many waters likes to be looked upon as rough, ready, and rugged, and he likes to exaggerate. But the merchant marine as a class of men is far better than many people think and far better than many other classes of men. If you doubt it, climb on board with Jim, Joe, John, and Harry and you will see.

The first thing that one who has anything to do with merchant seamen finds out is that they are not as a rule atheists. The following experience on board ship was probably multiplied

a hundred times during the war. We were standing by the mess room door and a few of the boys in a group nearby were laughing so much among themselves that I joined in. "See, Father," one of them said, "it was this way. All the way out on our last trip most of us were pretty serious because we were travelling in convoy and anything could happen. I say my prayers every night and so do some of the other fellows. But there was one fellow on board (he is not here now) who was always saying: 'Aw, you guys are crazy; there isn't any God. I am an atheist. I only believe in what I see. I can take care of myself any time in any place with these two fists.' Well, as we got near the other side, the enemy planes began dropping bombs around us and one ship in our convoy was hit. Say, it was funny. Our friend the atheist was the first one on his knees and he didn't care who saw him."

On another ship I was standing by, watching all hands get ready for fire drill, when one of the deck gang passed me and made a statement very reminiscent of what my friend Father Bill Cummings said of people in fox-holes: "Greetings, Father. One thing you can be sure of; there are no infidels on the ships." And this is almost 100 per cent true. Seamen may not appear to be religious men, but like the farmer on the soil, so the seafarer is also a man close to nature, and both are usually serious-minded and

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religious. The seaman's eyes are trained to peer into distances, up to the twinkling stars at night when alone with his thoughts he walks the deck at his turn on watch, or out over the emerald sea when strolling aft on the ship to his work beneath a brilliant sun.

"Let me tell you," said one of the boys, "when you are out of sight of land for many days, you cannot help thinking of God above. We sit on the hatch and we talk and ask ourselves questions like these: Of course there is a God and we must have religion, but how do we go about it all? Religion, religions, churches, they all seem so fuzzy. How do we get hold of the real thing in a tangible way?"

In their own rugged way many hardy old salts tell me how they talk to "The Big Man" up there every day and how He always helps them. They do not want you to think they are sentimentally pious, and they often refer to themselves as not much on religion; yet when it comes to practicing brotherly love they excel every other class of men I know who work together. Someone may say that this is not religion but mere natural goodness; still I am inclined to think that it is very pleasing to God. And it is not the sole evidence of a deep sense of religion.

On board ship, a seaman is either working, sleeping, or reading. He works because he has to, just as you and I. He sleeps because he always has a lot of sleep to catch up on. He reads in order to take himself out of the narrow and confining life aboard ship. Not all read detective stories and cheap romances. Men doing hard work and battling the elements do not care for a mental diet of cream-puffs. They like philosophy, science,

travel, novels, and the New Testament. Many men have proudly shown me the well-thumbed Missal that has been their companion on many a trip, and one young purser told me how, when a new box of books came on board for the crew, every one dove into it to get himself a copy of the New Testament.

Said a red-blooded young seaman from Alton, Illinois, referring to his New Testament: "Look, here is my old friend. I have read this book many times. I like to sit and read a chapter and then think about it. This has been one of my joys on every trip." How many plumbers, carpenters, electricians, doctors, and lawyers read the New Testament as faithfully as that boy?

Calendars distributed by ship's chandlers are often disreputable exhibitions of the advertising trade. Printing companies prostitute their own souls by pandering to the baser passions of fallen men. I have been told that some of these companies issue one calendar for the general trade and another shady type for the ships. They argue that the seamen want that sort of thing. This remains to be proven. Many masters, mates, pilots, and ordinary seamen have told me that it is false. They make apologies for the so-called works of art that decorate cabin walls. And often you walk into a foc'sle and see a crucifix hanging on a bulkhead over a bunk, or a rosary over the rail alongside the bed. I believe that if the men were given decent, interesting, even religious exhibits, they would be more pleased with them than with the indecent stuff that is so often thrust upon them.

People who have the opportunity of attending Mass every day, or at

least every Sunday, will find it hard to appreciate the worry and anxiety of many well bred boys who sail the merchant ships for as long as twenty four Sundays in a row without being able to attend Mass. The men often talk of Mass on board ship and express their worry that they cannot get to the sacraments. That they miss Mass at sea is not their fault; hence there is no sin. Yet they do worry. They feel the loss of the graces that come from attendance at divine services, and when they come ashore and go to Mass, some of them feel, unjustly so, like black sheep. Actually, there are many merchant marines who never miss Mass except when they are at sea. In every Catholic parish of the land there are Catholics who refuse to walk across the street or down the block to fulfill their Sunday obligation.

Now and then a priest in some port has a chance to go down to a ship to say Mass for the men. During the war Army and Navy Chaplains, in their wonderful charity, would say Mass on cargo ships, when occasion offered, for whatever men were there. The men are grateful for such favors. Even a hardened old skipper on board a Liberty Ship told me with pride and gratitude of how happy his fifteen Catholic men were that an old priest trudged down over the mud and rubble of the docks at Marseilles to say Mass on a beautiful altar erected by the crew on the bridge of the wheelhouse. Tributes have been paid to the zeal of the priests. It is time that something be said in praise of the merchant seamen who often went out and hunted up the chaplains and brought them to the ships, rounded up the men, and helped to prepare the altar. Yes, the merchant seamen

were at Leyte, at Okinawa, at Oran, at Casablanca, and on the Normandy beaches, and often they were heart-broken because in the danger of sudden death they had no one to help them but could only repeat over and over the little prayers they had learned as children. Chaplains do not ride the merchant ships and never will because there are not enough priests to go around. But there is another type of man riding those ships who will double for the priest when he can and multiply the presence of the "padre" by his love of the Master and his love for his fellows. This is the type of man who will build the "Young Christian Seamen's Movement."

Many a man who professed no religion has told me of strong and deep-rooted convictions of God, eternity, and the soul, all crystallized into a throbbing reality after experiences out at sea. Books are written on the superstitions of seamen. American men are far removed from superstitions. They are a realistic, business-like group with a healthy scorn of sham and deceit; when a seaman tells you of what prayer has meant to him, you know you are talking to a man who is working with God.

"I called up Eddie last night about 11 p. m. on the ship's telephone as he was on the bridge, and I asked him: 'Eddie, what are you thinking about?' And Eddie answered: 'Tony, I'm saying my rosary.' What a good kid brother Eddie is!" Thus a young seaman wrote to me recently, describing life on board ship. The saying of the rosary is not only easy, but very popular among many merchant seamen. Don, one of the mates on a ship that was in port here not long ago, told me in an off-hand way that he

finds it easy to say fifteen decades of the rosary every day. Others have told me that they always say the rosary when alone on watch, walking about the ship with one hand in a pocket fingering the beads. Mike, another great lad, a radio operator whom I called 'Mr. Sparks,' went much further. He wanted everybody he knew to have an Irish horn rosary, so in his radio room he kept a large carton filled with rosaries that he bought when the ship was in the British Isles, and he would hand them out to all comers.

During the war a little group of seamen came down on the docks for a little chat before their ship sailed. It was to be their first venture into the war zone and they were thinking serious thoughts. One of the officers, noticing the youthfulness of the men, said to them: "Well, how do you feel about going into the South Pacific?" One young man, a sturdy Polish Catholic boy from Chicago, spoke up: "Well, sir, we just got together and said a Hail Mary and asked the Blessed Virgin Mary to watch over us." The officer, with the man-to-man assurance of the experienced sailor, answered: "That's fine, boys, because if she watches over us, no harm can come to us."

Interesting indeed are the many stories that can be told of religious-minded seamen trying to get to Mass in foreign ports. How joyfully seaman Freddie came in, after a trip to England, to tell me how one of the laymen from the Apostleship of the Sea came down to the ship there and invited all the men to Mass, and how at home they felt when they were whisked off to the Catholic Church in a car. Another, just discovering for himself the universality and unity of

the Catholic Church, explained to me at great length a fact that in a world of fighting differences is a constant wonder: "You know, Father, wherever you go you can always find a Catholic Church and wherever it is, you are always at home there."

Tall, red-headed Joe Corrigan, Third Mate on another ship sailing from New Orleans last year, felt amply rewarded when his quest off Leyte paid good dividends. On Saturday evening, as the ship lay at anchor off the island, Joe went to the captain and asked permission to take a boat into shore because, he said, "he wanted to go to Mass in the morning." "Why," said the captain, "there isn't any church in there, young man. The island is all shot up." "I wouldn't worry about that," said the mate, "there is an army camp in there some place, and where there is an army camp there is a chaplain and there will be Mass tomorrow." Permission was granted and in the early morning Joe, with two other recruits, set out in a row-boat to invade the island, this time on a sacred quest. When they returned to the ship, the captain met them with the words: "Well, did you get to church today?" Joe, half annoyed at being asked such a question, answered: "Sir, I said I was going to Mass, and I got there." The following Sunday Joe took five others with him, and on the third Sunday he had twelve companions. He does not think he did anything unusual. It was just like that; he made up his mind to go to Mass and he went. But a point to make here is that Joe is a type of the new merchant marine. Most men are followers, ashore and at sea. Joe is a leader. Twelve men followed where he led. The old timers at sea do not like

some of the men they have called their leaders in the past. They sometimes tease the younger generation about religion, but deep down in their hearts they admire and often follow these young men, even though it takes them to church on a Sunday for Mass.

Scoffers at God and religion there are, and will be, for a while. Usually they are the coward type. They wilt before red-blooded, manly young Americans following their God-given and constitutional privilege of worshipping God according to their conscience. Said one of the scoffers to a young man propped up in his bunk: "What holy book are you reading now?" The answer came back like a flash: "Listen, you, I'm reading my prayer-book. What are you going to make of it? It wouldn't do you any harm to use one yourself." That was the end of the teasing and the older man probably liked the youngster all the more for his straightforwardness.

Unfortunately some of our energetic, God-fearing seamen need to perfect their technique with the loud and vociferous individual who thinks he is a "big shot" because he attacks religion and religious persons and institutions. There was the "mad Russian," as the boys called him, down here in New Orleans at one of the 84 wharves. He was a nice enough fellow in many ways, and in certain surroundings was even quiet and attentive. He was probably looking for the light, but clever writers had worked on his mind to make him think that the blame for his own mispent life was to be laid on a Thing he knew little or nothing about. One day he said something that almost brought about his death. "The priests," he said, "are nothing but a

bunch of parasites. What do they do to make a worker's world better?" With that, three Catholic seamen gave him such a beating that he never brought up the subject again.

This is the kind of language that may make a man submit — for a time. But there is another and better way of dealing with such, and the Pope tells all about it in his Encyclical on Atheistic Communism. "Beating up" may be the only language of persuasion known in some countries, but it is not the way Christ won so many hearts to Himself that would die for Him. Even good and worthy seamen can forget that Scripture does not tell of Our Lord beating and kicking the lost sheep around because the poor thing had wandered away. Nor is beating the way to build a labor union, or a business, or an apostolate. You don't convert men by breaking their arms, or by cutting their ears off.

Catholic seamen who close in on the enemy with love and kindness and eagerness to enlighten have the right answer to much of the dissatisfaction among merchant seamen with some of their present leaders. There were many Christians in the crowd that, during the general strike of 1934 in San Francisco, broke down the Communist offices and smashed the furniture with baseball bats. It seemed very gallant and effective then. But how much better if they had succeeded in winning over "Harry the Bridge"? Harry Bridges had said that he liked Father O'Kelly, the priest on the San Francisco waterfront then, but that he could not see the Catholic Church even though he had been baptized a Catholic in infancy. After all, Harry has a lot to learn. People

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do not succeed in imparting instructions with baseball bats.

Nevertheless, much praise is due to the fine religious spirit that does exist in the merchant marine. Out of the merchant marine academies are coming the newer officers of the American Merchant Navy. Such men have the services of tireless chaplains to prepare them for their life at sea. In the War Shipping Administration Training Centers for apprentice seamen, thanks to the backbone and religious spirit of the American people, there are chaplains serving the young trainees for life at sea. In the 26 marine hospitals scattered about the country, zealous priests, many of them already burdened with parochial work, give the best of religious care to ill or injured seamen. Would that it were possible to have a full time priest in charge of each large marine hospital! Many a man who goes to sea will to his dying day remember the kindly help that was given his

soul by a chaplain making his rounds at a marine hospital.

And when death comes, how fine it is that there is on hand some Christian seaman who cares. Miguel dropped dead getting on the ferry here the other day. In the papers it was just another sudden death of some unknown seaman. But Miguel was not unknown. His wife came from Florida to New Orleans. One of his companions of the sea was a practical Catholic and knew that Miguel had been baptized and a Catholic of Spain since birth. So we had a High Mass of Requiem for him; his shipmates were pall-bearers, and though our group of mourners was small that bright morning when we laid his mortal remains away in St. Louis Cemetery No. 2, our fellowship was of the undying kind. One alert and charitable Christian seaman who loved his shipmates had brought Miguel the last rites of his Church.

Where Your Money Goes

American tourists (which is about the same thing as saying Americans) spend about five billion dollars annually while on automobile junkets, according to the National Association of Travel. How this money is divided may be gleaned from the following breakdown by the same authority:

Out of every \$1.00 spent by motoring vacationists, restaurants receive 22 cents; gasoline and other transportation needs get 19 cents; hotels and resorts, 17 cents; theatres and other amusements, 9 cents; roadside stands and confectioners, 5 cents; and 3 cents goes for incidentals.

America: Debtor

"No gift of Rockefeller or Carnegie foundations or any other Christian denomination can equal the gift presented to the American people by the Catholic Church. It has nearly 11,000 schools, with nearly 3,000,000 pupils, who are taught by 95,000 patriotic teachers. Not a single atheistic teacher is among them; not a single non-Christian or non-American principle is taught. Many Catholic public school children come before the children's court, but a survey in Queen's County, a borough of a million and a quarter souls in New York City, shows that not one parochial school student has come before the Court in spite of the war and upset families."

J. Edgar Hoover, FBI Chief and a non-Catholic

Memories of a Paper Route

Looking thirty years back, into a boy's romantic world.

E. F. Miller

BOYS in America are unique amongst all the boys in the world. If they are real boys, there is a regular process they go through, in the way of seeking and holding jobs, that keeps them occupied during at least some of their spare time from the moment they come to the use of reason until they graduate from high school. Many of them begin their working career by selling papers. From that they pass on to caddying on the nearest golf links. Then they acquire a bicycle and get a job at the Western Union peddling telegrams. By that time they are in high school, and big enough to work after school hours or on Saturday in a store downtown or in a factory on the outskirts of the town. Of course the work is only part-time, and is never taken really seriously; but it brings in a bit of money anyway. And with this money, even though it is used by their parents to help keep them in clothes and shoes, they acquire a certain independence which is salutary for the present and promising for the future.

My first job in the early days of my youth was a paper route. In my city we did not have so many boys who actually went out on the corners and sold papers as they do in New York and Chicago. The city was of medium size, and most of the people owned their homes. Thus, they subscribed to the daily paper, which in this instance was called the Press, and had a boy deliver it at the door each evening after school.

Having a paper route had its advantages. The sisters in the school

which we attended knew the boys who carried papers. They also knew that they had to be on the job as soon after school as possible. And so the reason had to be very, very serious for keeping such a boy after school in punishment for some misdemeanor during the day. We were the first ones let out as a rule in spite of any mischievousness of which we may have been guilty, or in spite of any lack of information concerning the lessons that were assigned during the previous hours. Whether this caused any jealousy on the part of the other pupils, I never learned. I don't think, now that I look back, that children are worried on a very large scale about such things as jealousy and envy. At least they never entered my head.

The hour for dismissal from school was 3:30 P.M. As soon as the bell sounded (in our school we had a large electric bell that served both for the starting and leaving signal, and also for the fire alarm) the newsboys took off as though they had been shot from a cannon. The place for picking up their papers was down on a certain street, about four blocks away from the school, which street in the language of the people of the neighborhood, was called the Avenue. There were plenty of avenues in our quarter of the city; but this avenue gained the distinction of being known as *the Avenue*. Perhaps it was due to the fact that there were several stores and places of business bunched together there. At any rate, the place set up for the dispensation of news-

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papers to newsboys was on the Avenue, in the back room of a drugstore, which drugstore was run by a man called Forbes.

I do not know what Mr. Forbes's first name was. But he stands out in my memory as a most interesting character. His drug store was one of those really old fashioned places that had the large colored bottles in the window, and heaping piles of boxes and lotions and mysterious packages in every available corner inside. There was also the fragrance of medicines permeating the premises that still clings to my nostrils as I look back and review those long past days. Mr. Forbes was a dour man, who, as far as I can recall, never cracked a joke or made so much as a remark that was not to the point and concerning the business at hand. He was of medium height, of more than average girth, and possessed of a rather large head and coal black hair. He was always clean-shaven and neat in appearance. And in spite of his dour appearance he was a kindly man.

The papers were brought up to our end of town by means of streetcars. In those days the system of distributing the thick packs of papers at strategic corners by means of automobiles was not in use. The motorman on the streetcar would be literally surrounded by the news of the day until he reached the Avenue. Then with a kick he would send the bundles off his platform and onto the street; and immediately the newsboys would go into action.

When the motorman kicked the papers off the streetcar, not everybody, nor just anybody, ran forward to carry the bundles into the back room of the Forbes drugstore. The carrying of the bundles (and the

word "bundles" remains in my memory as a technical word of the highest significance) fell on the shoulders of the oldest and the most respected of the boys amongst us. The two carriers of the first bundles were tacitly conceded the position of leaders. And so on down the line until the last bundles were brought in and ready for distribution amongst the individual lads. I think that there were eight or nine bundles in all, each consisting of perhaps a hundred and fifty or two hundred papers. A privilege was attached to the right of carrying in the bundles. You were the first one to get your own particular number of papers; and so you could be the first one off, and consequently the first one finished with the route.

When all the bundles were on the floor, Mr. Forbes would appear on the scene. He would take a large number of the papers under his arm, and as you told him how many you wanted he would count them off with fat, pudgy fingers. You would put them in a sack, on the outside of which was written in large letters the word PRESS, and off you would go on the delivery.

I remember well that I had forty two customers; and my route was supposed to be ideal, for it did not carry me too far afield, and many of my customers were of the generous type who, if they did not have the proper change on a Saturday afternoon, would tell me not to worry, and I would go home that much the richer — richer by at least a few cents, sometimes even by a few nickels. It was always on a Saturday that we collected our dues for the week's work and for the week's papers. And do you know? There are still some people who owe me for the papers I

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delivered to them thirty years ago. Undoubtedly it was a matter of forgetfulness; but at the time, the matter rankled deeply. Yet, the thought never occurred to me to drop these people from my list. They went on getting their paper, even though each Saturday they were not at home when I knocked on the door, or if they did come in answer to my summons they would say that they did not have the change and would I please come back some other time.

However, as I intimated above, my route was ideal. And some of the people to whom I delivered the paper for several years will always stand out in my memory as men and women of most generous feeling and a wonderful understanding of the workings of a boy's mind. There was, for example, my very first customer—a store by the name of Keenan and Henderson. These men were not Catholic—and one has to be brought up in a Catholic atmosphere and of Catholic parents who really believe in their religion, to understand how that distinction stands out in the unformed mind of a child—no, they were not Catholic; but they were always giving me something extra when I would come into their place of business. And they treated me as though, after a fashion, I was grown up. It inflated me a bit when I walked amongst the suits and overcoats that were arranged on the hangers and the hooks, and placed the paper on the counter. And I tried to give them the best service that was in me.

From Keenan and Henderson I went around the corner to another store which was run by a man called Joe Schroup. Joe Schroup's was a sort of delicatessen place, combined with a kind of novelty shop. At least, Joe

sold things that you couldn't buy any other place in our end of town. For example, he used to sell us, for a penny, a tiny ice cream cone, about one third the size of the nickel cone. He used to offer us eight wine-balls or six gum-drops for a penny. And so on. There was a certain dimness about his store, a certain dustiness that was most intriguing too. When I delivered papers to Joe, he had the appearance of an ancient prophet; and I imagine that in my mind he was ageless, a man who never grew older or younger, but was always at least a hundred years old. He was tall and shabby; and as lean as a wild reed. But he was kindness personified. And many was the time that Joe would hand me one of his penny cones, filled with ice cream, even though I did not have the penny with which to pay. Most likely Joe is dead now, and has received his due reward. I wish him well in the heaven that I know is his.

Mrs. Anderson was about in the middle of my route. I guess I liked Mrs. Anderson about as well as anybody that I had. We had the custom in those days of bringing a complimentary calendar to our customers on New Year's Day. I don't think it was supposed to cost anything—you know, compliments of the Paper, and all that. But a very fine custom had sprung up in conjunction with this practice which was to the benefit of the boy and not to the benefit of the Paper. As you delivered the calendar you would wait a moment. The recipient of the fine calendar would disappear inside the house and then come back with a gift. Some of the gifts showed the size of the giver's head and the smallness of his generosity. But most of them were very

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fine. Mrs. Anderson was one of these. Every year she gave me a dollar on New Year's Day. If you were a youth in those times, you would appreciate the meaning of a dollar. Why, even a dime was something to be cherished. A penny was the ordinary offering when an older person wished to do a favor to the young. But Mrs. Anderson always came across with a full dollar. And so it was with Mrs. Maloney, the very kindly lady who was my last customer, and who not only gave me a dollar every New Year's Day, but who used to invite me into her house when the weather was nasty, and insist that I take a piece of cake or a cup of hot tea. And when I left I would almost always have my pockets filled with cookies or candies.

There is one thing that I cannot figure out about my days as a paper boy; and it is this. I never seemed to make money. That is, I never seemed to come out even. Perhaps the boys today keep better books on what they pay and what they take in. I used to turn in all my earnings to my mother and father as I made them on a Saturday; then on Monday when we paid Mr. Forbes for the papers of the forthcoming week, I would get the necessary money from my mother. But, somehow or another, I always seemed to be taking more from her on Monday than I gave her on the preceding Saturday. I guess I was not cut out to be a millionaire, or a mighty business man, for is it not said that millionaires have their start as boys, when they keep a careful account in tiny books of all they make and all they spend?

And now that I look back, I cannot say that this work of delivering papers did me anything but good. There were dangers attached to it,

for some of the boys were indeed of the rough type, and many is the bloody nose that I recall from scraping just a little bit too closely against that roughness. And some of the talk I heard was not the kind my mother and father, my brothers and sisters engaged in at home. It was all a new experience. But with the influence of a good home and a Catholic education that storm was weathered too. I learned of the kindness of people and of their penuriousness, too. I saw how homes were run, and how homes were not run. I came on tragedies that my mind grasped, only when I was older and could understand the significance of the scenes I had witnessed. I learned to overcome instinctive fears, like those that came from huge and barking dogs that barred my way to doors that I had to approach in order to collect my salary for the labors of the week. I learned to face people, to talk with them. But above all I learned, even though I did not realize that I was learning it at the time, a definite sense of responsibility. When school came to an end each day, the other children could play in the school yard or go down to the park and do what they pleased. We with the paper routes had to be on the job. And we had to be on the job every day, like the mailman, rain or shine, snow or sleet — it made no difference. The paper had to be delivered. And we delivered it. That certainly has something to do with the training of a boy. Parents can teach these things, as can the teachers in school. But words have a way of running off the minds of children as though they had never been spoken. But let the child go out and do what he was told is a good thing to do, and he learns a

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thousand times more rapidly the lessons that will stand by him in later life.

When we were getting on toward the point where we were too big to deliver papers any longer (in our day only grade school boys had paper routes) we showed our stature by tying a knot in the strap on our paper bag, and carrying the bag over one shoulder instead of over the head on the shoulder opposite from the side on which the bag hung. Very carelessly and very nonchalantly we went our way, slinging our bag this way and that as a sign of our newfound strength. I remember well when that day came for me. I knew then that soon I would sell my route of forty two customers to another boy

and go into something else. I knew then that I was ready to go to the golf course and make application for a caddy's job. In fact I already possessed a couple of battered golf clubs and spent such spare time as I had in driving much-spent golf balls around an empty lot that lay not far from my home.

It was all a very happy time, now that I look back; and I think that the boys of today are making a mistake in bypassing the opportunities that they have of doing a like work. I do not think that we ever really looked upon the chore as work. It was part of our life, We wanted to do it. And we found a lot of happiness, and as much education, in the doing.

A Soldier's Grave

Beneath the coral and the clay,
'Twas here he fell; here let him stay.

Than this small cross a fortune spent
Could build no better monument.

The bomb-pocked palm beside the grave,
A sentinel for the young and brave,

Remembering him, sighs overhead
A constant requiem for the dead.

Disturb him not. In God's own hour,
When this grey world shall know His power.

These bones will rise. This youth will cry:
"Here was a goodly place to die.

"Death searched in battle dress for me
The forward echelon of the free!"

— L. G. Miller



Three Minute Instruction

Catholics and Divorce

The true position of Catholics on the subject of divorce is not always understood, even by Catholics themselves. Almost everybody knows that Catholics are against divorce in general, but just what this means is hazy in many minds. Here are the principles on the matter.

1. Divorce and remarriage to another person are absolutely forbidden to a Catholic who has lived in a valid, sacramental, consummated marriage. If the first marriage was invalid, either because the Catholic was not married before a priest, or because there was a nullifying impediment to a valid marriage, or because consent to the marriage contract was not free and correct, then a civil divorce could be followed by marriage because there was no genuine first marriage. Also if certain proof could be given that the marriage of a Catholic had never been consummated, there would be a possibility of its dissolution with resulting freedom to marry again. None of these statements contradicts the Catholic principle that divorce and remarriage can never be permitted after a valid sacramental consummated marriage.

2. Divorce, without freedom to marry again, is sometimes permitted by the Catholic Church to validly married Catholics, but only under certain conditions. There must be grave reasons for the permanent separation of husband and wife, such as adultery or great and continued cruelty on the part of one toward the other; a legal divorce must be the only apparent way in which the innocent person can be protected legally or financially taken care of; efforts must be made to remove or offset scandal; and above all, the permission of the bishop must be obtained before divorce proceedings are inaugurated. If there are children, every effort must be made to safeguard their Catholic upbringing.

3. A Catholic who, with the permission of the bishop, has obtained a divorce from a valid marriage, or who has been divorced by a partner who took matters into his or her own hands, is not guilty of sin thereby and may continue to receive the Sacraments. Such a one has the obligation of living a chaste life like a single person, neither thinking of another marriage nor entering upon company-keeping as if free to think of another marriage.

If these three points are studied carefully by Catholics, they will be informed enough to make correct decisions about unusual cases of divorce on the part of Catholics brought to their attention. And they will be fitted to tell non-Catholics just what is the position of the Catholic Church on this much discussed and often misunderstood precept of divine law.

Tales of the Fairies

A few of the richest fairy stories you ever heard, on whose truth Father Casey gives blunt comment.

C. D. McEnniry

CRUNCHING snow announced evening visitors. Young Bert Saunders glanced out through a frosted pane of glass (the pioneers were not over-particular about window blinds) and announced: "Mike McSorley, the section boss, and Tony-the-Barber."

They had not yet reached the doorstep, let alone knocked, but were stamping the snow from their boots on the porch, when Mr. Saunders threw open the door and shouted: "Come in. Come in. Don't be standing out there on a night like this. What if you have got a bit of snow on your boots? I reckon we've got fire enough in here to melt it."

Mrs. Saunders and Ruth hastened to relieve them of caps and overcoats and push them up to the heating stove while Bert poked the fire until it roared. The big section boss was used to facing the cutting prairie wind ten hours a day as he directed his gang on the railroad track, but Tony, accustomed to a more sheltered existence, was shivering like a leaf. A subtle perfume betokened that they had paid their respects to Bender, the saloonkeeper, on the way. But who could blame them for fortifying themselves against the icy blast?

When the visitors were thoroughly thawed out Tom Saunders tilted back his chair against the wall, looked about with an air of satisfaction and well-being, then ordered Bert to fetch some apples from the pit.

"Gee whizz, dad, it's cold," the boy objected.

But his mother pushed a bucket

into his hands. "Hurry up, Bertie," she encouraged. "It won't take you five minutes."

"Toma, wot you call ze peet?" Tony asked. In the sunny clime where he had been reared the fruit needed no such strenuous protection against frost.

"It's a hole in the ground where we put the apples to keep them from freezing."

"But you have a good cellar under this house, Tom," McSorley objected. "Isn't it safe enough they'd be there?"

"Safe from the cold, yes; but in the cellar they are inclined to get soft and soggy and lose the best part of their flavor. If you want sound, mellow apples that'll melt in your mouth and taste like honey, gather your hard winesaps late in the fall, and put them in a pit till January."

"But he no get fill wita water and snow—ze 'ole in ze groun'?" Tony was not yet sold on the idea.

"Well, you see, Tony, we aim to guard against that. The pit is mostly above ground. It is covered first with a sort of gable of cornstalks, then straw, then a few feet of earth on top of the whole show. The apples in there keep as nice and dry as a pig in a straw pile."

In the meantime Bert had brought in the apples, and Ruth had polished them with a cloth until their deep wine-colored red glistened in the lamplight. She heaped them in a large dish, passed them around, and then set the dish on the table in reach of everybody.

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When Mike McSorley drove his teeth into the mellow apple and caught its delicious flavor, he looked up at the ministering Ruth. "Ruth, me girl, 'tis a fairy ye are, and not a mere human being, to bring us such dainties — at all."

"Oh, Mr. McSorley," cried the girl, "that is something I have always wanted to ask you. Do they — in Ireland — still believe in fairies?"

"Do they believe in fairies? Do they believe in fairies, is it? What do ye mane, Miss?"

"Do they think there are such creatures?"

"Do you yourself, now, believe there are such craythures as your own brothers and sisters that you do be livin' with all the day?"

"Oh," murmured the girl, somewhat taken aback, "are they so numerous and familiar as all that?"

"Sure, Mr. McSorley used to play leap-frog with the fairies when he was a youngster. Didn't you, Mike?" Mr. Saunders demanded.

"Well, sir, I wouldn't say that, now. But me gran'father on the mother's side was a great hand with the fairies. They all but tuk him when he was a baby — only the priest came by just in the nick o' time and druv them off with a prayer."

"Did they ever try to take you, Mike?"

"The fairies want only the beautiful babies, and I was always more good than handsome, as me mother always said," the section boss responded with a grin. "But 'twas near making rich lords of us they were, through that same gran'father o' mine."

"Mr. McSorley, tell us about it, please," Ruth begged.

"As I was sayin, this gran'father o'

mine had a way with the fairies. He could see them when others couldn't. Now it happened one night that he had been poaching for fish down at the river and was making for home with his catch just before the break o' day. For fear of being seen be the game warden, he did a bould thing — he took a short-cut by the rath — "

"What are raths, Mr. McSorley?"

"They are great mounds on the hilltops, overgrown by bushes and briars, built, they say, by the pagans before the coming of St. Patrick. They are now the exclusive property of the fairies. Well, as me gran'father came by, didn't he see the fairies dancing on the rath and raising a great hullybaloo. He hid and waited, quiet as a mouse, till one of the fairies wandered a little away from the rest. He heard its little green slippers pattering on the dewy grass — nearer and nearer — within three feet of him. He made a leap and had it, and ran like the wind before it could set up an outcry and have the whole troop down on him for his destruction."

"Now somewheres," McSorley continued, "in the neighborhood of the old rooned castle hardby, there was buried a heap of gold — millions of dollars worth of gold — hidden there be the king before his castle was stormed by the Danes. But just where it was nobody knew — nobody barrin' the fairies. When the fairy me gran'father had captured found that all his struggling and threatening was of no avail, he turned to pleadin' and p-laverin'. 'I'll let ye go,' says me gran'father, 'the moment ye show me where is that gold.' 'That we cannot,' says the fairy, 'but I'll give ye the richest presents. I'll give ye — 'Ye'll give me nothing, for I'll hold ye fast till ye show me where to dig for that

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gold.' At that the fairy began screaming bloody murder, for it was getting near sunup, and if ever a fairy is caught outside his rath by the first rays of the sun, it manes the death of him.

"Then show me the gold, and I'll let ye go.' 'I daren't show it to ye, but let me go and I'll mark the place. This night I'll stick a willow twig over the very spot, fair and clear so ye can't fail to see it.' At that me gran'father let the fairy go, for a fairy will never break his wurr'd. That day he refused to put his hand to a shovel at all. 'To the divil with work,' says he. 'Lave it to thim that needs it. I have only to go out in the mornin', find that willow twig, dig up that heap of gold, and I'm the richest man in all Ireland.'"

"Then how is it that you did not inherit his riches, Mr. McSorley? Or — or didn't the fairy keep its promise?"

"It did, Miss. Fairies always do. It stuck willow twigs everywhere, high and low, for half a mile around the castle. One of them was right over the buried gold. But which one, nobody knows to this day."

"Could the fairies do anything else for us besides tell us about hidden treasures?"

"To be sure they could, and they do. They can bring us good luck — make our wishes come true — on Halloween night, that is. They can bring us misfortunes too — stop the cows from giving milk, and the cream from churning into butter, and the wheat from forming grain —"

"The grasshoppers do the same to us here on the prairies as the fairies do to you in Ireland. Maybe they are related to one another, Mike," Tom Saunders interrupted.

"'Tis a dangerous pastime to make

game of the fairies, Mr. Saunders," McSorley's tone was serious, reproachful. "They are aisily offended, and their vengeance is terrible. In many a family they are never referred to except as 'The Good People' for fear of wounding their sinsibilities."

"Mr. McSorley, what was it you said about their making our wishes come true on Halloween night?" Ruth wanted to know.

"Shure, as everybody knows, there is a certain moment on Halloween night that whatever you wish for, 'tis certain you will get it. Nobody knows when that moment is, barrin' the Good People themselves, and they'll tell it only to their friends. There was an old miser in our parish. 'Twas before my time, but I've heard me father tell about it. Every ha-penny he got he tucked away in a sock, and himself starving and living all alone in a tumble-down cabin by the side of a ditch. Of course it was not to the likes of him that the fairies would tell their secret. But the sly old codger thought to circumvent them. 'Shure,' says he to himself, 'if I keep wishin' all night long, I'm sure to shtrike the right moment,' says he. So down he goes on the flat of his back in the middle of the floor, ready to make a night of it, and begins raypating: 'I wish I had a pot of gold on this side of me and a pot of silver on that. I wish I had a pot of gold on this side of me and a pot of silver on that.' After he had been going on for four or five hours, the fairies pried loose a chunk of the rotten, soot-covered straw from the thatched roof directly above him and it fell smack into his mouth. Coughing and spitting, he bawled out: 'I wish the divil would burn this ould hut!' — And that was precisely the right moment. His wish

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came true so quick that he was hard put to get out with his life, and the sockful o' ha-pennies was burned to a cindher."

"Did you ever know a case where the fairies told the right moment?"

"I know something better nor that, Miss. I know a case where they gave, not one wish, but three. It happened to a distant cousin of mine. He and his wife, who had always been kind to the Good People, were sitting at the table taking a bit of milk and porridge of a Halloween night, when, all of a suddint, the door flew open, and there forninst stood a little man no higher than the top of the stool, all dressed out in green and gold, bowin' and smilin' as fine as you please. 'I'm sent from fairyland,' says he, 'to tell ye that for your ginirosity ye'll be granted three wishes this night. Wish for whatever ye like; 'twill be yours on the instant.' With that he bowed and disappeared, and the door closed of itself."

"Oh, what a chance!" cried Ruth. "I do hope they considered well before they made their choices."

"That same is what they minded to do," replied the section boss. "They piled turf on the fire and sat down to consider at their laysure. The turf kindled, and the fire blazed up so hot and blue and clean that me cousin's wife says: 'John,' says she, 'I wish we had a bit of sausage to fry on that fire.' Plop! The bit of sausage was on the fire, sizzling and spitting before their eyes. Me cousin was so enraged at seeing one of the precious wishes wasted for such a trifle that he roared out before he thought what he was saying: 'I wish the sausage was tied fast to your nose.' No sooner said than done! The poor woman began moaning and wringing her hands.

"There is only one wish left," she says, 'and unless ye let me use it to wish the sausage off me nose, I'll go down to the river and drown me self, rather than go through life like this.' So they wished the sausage off her nose. And that was all they got out of their three wishes on Halloween night."

"Have you fairies in Italy, too?" Bert inquired of Tony-the-Barber.

"We no call 'em fairy; we call 'em Monacelli. Malombre too, but ze malombre, zey are bad. Monacelli live in cheemny, in attic, in cellar—help many way: save baby from break leg—tell number to win in lottery—put purse of money under pillow—bring hot soup to seek widow all alone. But sometimes zey make mischief too: break eggs—spill oil wat you leave on table—make string all tie up in knots—hide scissors, collar button. For zat reason ze Pope he chase 'em."

"What is that? The Pope chased away the Italian fairies—the mona-mona—what-do-you-call 'em?"

"Ma, sure. You no hear zat? Zey make so much troubla, specially in ze priess-houses. All ze priess go to Pope, and Pope chase ze monacelli. Juss like Saint Peter chase sirene and satyre."

"What are they? Where did St. Peter find them?"

"Sirene are part women and part fish; satyre are part man and part beely-goat. When Italy all pagan zey live in water and in forest, and do lotsa 'arm. Saint Peter he chase 'em."

Early next forenoon Ruth Saunders was at the priest's house. The pretext was to bring him a present of fresh meat, for her father had butchered hogs the day before, and a change from the usual diet of salt

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pork would be welcome, but the real reason of her visit soon came out.

"Father Casey," she asked, "what about fairies — the kind they have in Ireland and the kind they have in Italy — I forget what Tony-the-Barber calls them — and things that are half woman and half fish — and all that?"

"What about them? Why, they are all rot."

"But how does it come that so many good people believe in them?"

"Because, when people want to be fooled, they will always meet crooks who are ready to fool them. And if nobody else does it, they will fool themselves. Remember too that many who tell you tall stories about these imaginary creatures, do not believe a word of it themselves."

"Who first started these stories?"

"Even in ancient times the pagans had their sirens to lure sailors onto the rocks, also their satyrs and nymphs to weave unholy spells over those who strayed through the woods or by the brooks. Later when these old beliefs were exploded, the people, ever hungering after the mysterious, excogitated something to take their place: fairies, monacelli, goblins, gnomes, elves, sprites, and all manner of nonsensical things."

"But, Father Casey, maybe there

really are such things. How can we be sure that there are not?"

"Because we know that God created two, and *only* two, kinds of intelligent beings: angels and men. Therefore any fairy, goblin, nymph, that is neither angel (good or bad angel) nor man, simply does not exist."

"But so many people declare that they have surely seen them."

"Then somebody was playing a trick on them, or their own imagination was playing a trick on them, or if they really saw an intelligent being that was not a human being, then it was an angel. For an angel has the power to take any visible form it wishes. But now, let me ask you: would a good angel, one of those pure, holy spirits, who gaze continually upon the face of God and carry His messages to us mortals — would one of those spirits demean himself by taking the form of such a trivial thing as an elf, sprite, gnome, or what not?"

"I see. A good angel could not do it — since these things do not help people to be good, but rather the opposite. Then — then —" Ruth added in alarm, "if one really sees something, it is — the — the —"

"The devil," said Father Casey.

How the Records Were Lost

People sometimes wonder why it is that there are so few books and manuscripts left in existence from the early ages of Christianity. One reason is that the wholesale destruction of Christian books was undertaken by barbarians and Mohammedans. For example, it is reliably reported by a Mohammedan, quoted in *Holzworth's History of the World*, that when Omar, the successor to Mohammed himself, took over the library-rich city of Alexandria, he decreed that every book in the city should be burnt. He declared that books either agree with the Koran (the Mohammedan bible) and then they are superfluous, or they disagree with it, and then they are harmful. As a result, the four thousand baths of the city of Alexandria were heated by the burning of manuscripts and books for a period of six months.

The magnitude of such destruction can hardly be conceived.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: I married a non-Catholic girl, in the hope that I would be able to bring her around to accept the Catholic faith soon after we were married. I did not press her to consider the matter seriously before marriage, just because I felt so certain that she would do so of her own accord later on. However, we are now married some ten years and she seems farther away from becoming a Catholic than ever. There seems to be a growing gap between us, and it makes me miserably unhappy. What am I to do?

Solution: Your case is one that primarily provides an occasion for warning others against the mistake you made. You did make a mistake, and a big one, and you should now take the consequences like a man. Misplaced and unfounded hope that all will turn out well, even though experience and tradition raise grave doubts about it, seems to be the outstanding mistake made by young people in love. If you had followed the advice of wise counsellors before marriage, you would not have been satisfied with a vague hope that your wife would some day become a Catholic, but would have seen to it that you could start out your married life with agreement and unity in so important a thing as religion. Without that you would not have entered upon a lifelong adventure. Now that your youthful hope seems to be beyond realization, and that you are experiencing the loneliness and heartache of difference in fundamental beliefs, you can only accept the fruit of your folly and offer it up as a price of atonement and a constant petition for peace in your home.

However, hope need never be completely abandoned in cases like yours, if you are willing to do all you can to change the situation. If you are really willing to do all you can, what you must do can be summed up in a few words: you must determine to become and live as a saint. No half-measures in the practice of your faith will do. No neglect of your own daily prayers, no carelessness and sloth about getting to the sacraments frequently, no compromising with your own faults, can be tolerated if you are truly sincere about wanting to make your home fully Catholic. Example and prayer have teamed up to work miracles before; they can do it again. But half-heartedness in your own faith, habits of anger, impatience, intemperance, cursing, etc., on your part will all stand before your wife as a contradiction of any avowals you make of the value of being a Catholic. If your faith cannot make you a saint, as it is intended to do, you have only yourself to blame if it continues to have little appeal for your non-Catholic wife.

Blind Man's Love

This sketch was written one year ago by a man who knew its subject well. In January of this year, the blind man died. His last words were: "God's Will be done." From this sketch you will know what practice he had had for that last prayer.

E. T. Langton

ON THE table, within arm's length of his chair, stands a picture of his mother. But never again will he look upon that picture which shows features so like his own. Even closer to him is an alarm clock which has stood silent at ten-to-four for no one knows how long. Why should he wind it? It will never again tell the time to him. During the past dozen years, he has made many new friends; but he knows none of them by sight. Fifteen years ago Brother Robert went blind.

You might know him for a long time without really guessing what blindness is. Then some day it would stick in your throat as you watched him walk from a bright corridor into a dark room, and your hand went out instinctively for the light-switch that he did not need. Or it might be a bright day in spring; you would enter the room of this lover of wrens and robins to find him at the window: "I like to stand at the window and look out—just as though I could see everything."

He is a lay-brother, and no one this side of heaven can say whether he did more for his congregation before he lost his sight or after. What did he do before? He drew the plans and supervised the building of a church in the mid-west, and two more on the Pacific coast. He tended sacristies, fired furnaces, nursed the sick, cooked meals for years on end. Many a lad learned his Mass prayers from Brother Robert, and more than one of them are now wearing the clerical

collar on the streets of Detroit and New Orleans and San Antonio. Others wear the missionary's white habit in the jungles of Brazil. Others are in khaki, some with the chaplain's cross on their lapel.

What has he done after his blindness? He still works eight hours a day as host-baker for a community of more than 30 priests, and only an expert mathematician could tell how many times Almighty God has taken the form of hosts baked by Brother Robert. But his important work is far more subtle than that. It consists in being himself—an old man who has lost his sight and goes about on rheumatic limbs and swollen legs, always ready to offer a quip or a joke, and equally ready to give laughter to the joke of another. This is no stoic nor ironman. It is a human being whose whole personality has been steeped in God, and whose every thought is tinted with the conviction that Father knows best. The physical afflictions and the high spirits do not work against one another. They fit together and form a pattern: like the two boards of the crucifix.

Those legs were not always swollen and rheumatic. If they had been, how could he have won the prize for fancy skating and barrell-jumping years ago, when Sheboygan was just a mill town? (It must have been a surprise to his competitors, who could not have known that he had been practicing secretly outside of town, with barrells borrowed from the soap-

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maker.) It must have been a proud evening for his mother, whom he had esconced comfortably in a sheltered box-seat, and to whom he immediately presented the cash that was his prize.

In those days, he was factory-foreman and building supervisor for a firm which was anticipating modern pre-fabricated houses. It was a promising future, which he cancelled when he decided to become a Redemptorist lay-brother. As his farewell to secular life, he planned a trip to Europe. He had even seen the shipping agent for a booking. Then word came from the religious superior, urging him not to delay his entrance into the novitiate. The booking was cancelled. The religious life was begun.

For more than a quarter of a century, he used his skill and his strength and his sight unstintingly in the behind-the-scene tasks which make up the life of a laybrother. He was shifted hither and yon, wherever his congregation was making a new foundation. His talent for building kept him moving with the frontiers, which means leaving one place as soon as it begins to be habitable, in favor of another place where you will haul the groceries ten blocks in a wheel-barrow and spend your night on the parlor couch.

At one period, when he was in California, his day began with work in the sacristy before daylight, and then moved to the kitchen to prepare the breakfast coffee. Afterwards he scheduled the day's tasks for builders and carpenters. Then he prepared dinner for the community, ran for a noon train which carried him to an outlying town where another church was going up under his supervision.

Despite these multiple tasks, he somehow managed to drink in all the beauties of California. In the deepest winters of Wisconsin, he could describe the fruit groves and the flowers of the west with such warmth as to make hearers oblivious of the blizzard blowing outside.

Nevertheless, he is as happy as his day is dark, and he keeps up his happiness by reading the same book over and over again. "I have my own little book. I take my crucifix in my hands and I read that. And I say to myself: Yes, I have my cross, but I can still get around. He has His cross, but He can't move around. He's nailed to it. I'm not so bad after all." Thus he smilingly gropes his way through one year of darkness after another—shuffling the swollen rheumatic legs with the same glad spirit which was his in days of figure skating and barrell-jumping.

You wonder how he became blind? I never asked him, but after I had known him for years he voluntarily answered the silent question of my mind. It was on a Christmas day that he told me about his final construction job. The altars were being erected in Detroit's new Holy Redeemer Church. A sliver flew from one of the spikes he was driving and imbedded itself in Brother Robert's eye, severing the nerve. Infection destroyed vision in the other eye.

The horror which must have been his as darkness closed in upon him he never mentions. He only reflects on the fact that he sacrificed his vision while erecting the table of Eucharistic sacrifice. "Yes, I think that's a good way to get blind—while doing God's work. That's why I've always been so happy about it."

New Year's in Naples

How a couple of soldiers celebrated a war-time New Year's, with the grandest of all the initiations in the world.

E. F. Miller

IN JANUARY, 1944, S/Sgt. Phil Martino of Providence, Rhode Island, and Cpl. John Luck of Cincinnati, Ohio, were members of a Balloon Barrage unit which was set up along the coast of southwestern Italy on the Tyrrhenian Sea. The work of their outfit was to keep the area they were protecting so covered with large, gas-filled balloons that dive-bombing enemy planes would be thoroughly discouraged from strafing and spot-bombing shipping in the harbors and military installations on the ground not only by the balloons themselves but also by the intricate maze of wires that supported the balloons. These wires were so thin that they could hardly be seen by the naked eye. Thus, when a rash flyer made the mistake of zooming under the balloons, thinking that thereby he would escape the trap, he found himself in the surprising position of piloting a plane (downwards) without wings, for the taut wires sheared off the wings as though they were made of paper. Many a German came to grief in that manner.

The job of a balloon barrage soldier was not as simple as it might appear. Of a hundred balloons to be set over a target, each one had to be hung at a different height so that no safe pattern of flight could be planned by hostile airmen. The strength of the wind had to be known as well as the ordinary course of friendly anti-aircraft fire, lest the balloons be lost through too strong a wind or destroyed through American

shelling. Each balloon was valued at close to a thousand dollars, and if a soldier was responsible for the loss of one or more of them, through carelessness or culpable ignorance, he was made to make up the loss out of his own pocket or to suffer the penalty laid on him by a Courts Martial.

And the men who were assigned to this work were not entirely exempt from danger. During bombing attacks they were expected to remain at their stations, always in the open and above the ground, and replace destroyed balloons with others so that full protection was guaranteed the dumps, warehouses and ships in the harbor even while the raids were going on. Thus it happened that not a few of the men lost their lives or were injured while doing what might sound to the uninitiated like a very innocent and innocuous task, namely, flying balloons, like kites, over their heads.

Phil Martino and John Luck were experts at this type of work; and many were the thrilling stories they had to tell of narrow escapes and exciting adventures, especially when they landed on beaches the first day of attack with the infantry, and were finished placing a ceiling over the battle field almost before the fighting men reached the shore. But on New Year's eve, 1943, balloon-flying was not the first idea in their minds. Some weeks before, when they were living in a small town called Proslipo, they had come to the conclusion

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that they would like to look into the Catholic religion with a view to "joining up" if what they discovered from their studies appeared satisfying to their reason. It was the case again, as so often it is, of association with Catholic men engendering the desire of finding out what it was that made the lives of these men so different from the lives of all others about them. They located an American priest bivouacked not far away from their headquarters; and in quick order they put to him their desire. And so it happened that after several weeks of study and application, on New Year's eve they were to receive their last instruction, and to be baptized on the second day of 1944.

The priest was living in a kitchen at the time, on the second floor of a building that had been the servants' quarters in the elaborate setup of a very wealthy man's estate. The Commanding Officer and his immediate staff had taken over the mansion proper, with all its exquisite paintings, its acres of marble and onyx and its forest of hand-wrought iron fixtures and fences. The kitchen in the servants' quarters was the most private place in the whole establishment, and that was why the priest took it. The men could come to see him about their personal problems without fear of being seen by such officers as might penalize them for seeking redress for wrongs and injustices through the chaplain.

The room was not the best in the world, for a bomb or a shell had landed nearby, taking much of the plaster off the walls and leaving jagged cracks in the ceiling and across the floor. A sink stood in one corner and an ancient oven in another. There remained just enough

room for a cot and a table with a couple of chairs. But the sorry aspect of the walls was repaired by huge maps which were hung in such a way as to cover almost all the holes; and the dirty floor was made new by conscientious scrubbing. It was not uncomfortable at all.

It was to this room, at 8 o'clock in the evening, on the last day of 1943, that the two soldiers came to receive their last instruction before Baptism. They were fully aware of the seriousness of their resolution and the consequences of the conversion that they proposed. They had learned the catechism so well that they could have instructed most Catholic young men who had been born to the Faith. At the same time they did not adhere to the notion that a fast must of necessity preclude a feast. Their only error was one of collocation. Lent always comes before Easter, as Advent comes before Christmas. First the fast, and then the feast. They thought that the feast could precede the fast just as well as follow it, or better, that it did not make much difference what order you followed as long as you got in both fast and feast. At any rate they appeared at the door of the kitchen for their last instruction, on the eve of their Baptism, carrying under their jackets two bottles of exquisite champagne. As is the universal custom with American soldiers, they had become acquainted with an Italian family, and this family wanted to show not only their affection for their newly-made friends but also their respect for the whole American army by handing over two bottles of champagne which they had been hoarding in their cellar from time immemorial.

It was a fitting manner in which

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to see the old year out and the new year in, even though the new year would bring little more than more war, more suffering, more anxious waiting for that boat which was to sail homewards. The champagne was good, and although Puritans and prohibitionists would be highly distressed at the sight, and some Catholics of critical nature, disturbed, the sacred truths of the one, holy, Catholic and apostolic religion were gone over carefully, while the heavenly liquid, which indeed was not of this earth, was sampled and sipped, and made to serve as handmaid in the assimilation of the ancient truths. The Apostles' Creed was studied again and each gigantic tenet once more explained. The Seven Sacraments were gone over, with emphasis placed on Confession and Communion. The holy Sacrifice of the Mass was re-examined and made to take its place as the central act of Catholic worship. And the moral structure of the Church was not neglected in the discussion on the Ten Commandments. The evening sped on; and almost before the two young men were aware of it, the last moment of 1943 was upon them. They had much to be thankful for in the past; there was more to be hoped for in the future. And so they stood and proposed a toast—that they would never be a disgrace to the Faith of their fathers which very soon they would adopt.

Due to the demands of war, army priests had permission to administer the Sacrament of Baptism in any decent place. However, this Baptism was not going to be administered merely in a decent place; it was going to be given in the finest place that could be found. Naples had fallen not so long before and supposedly

was now free of the enemy. It was not very far away from the Balloon Barrage Headquarters; and it was reported that it had a most magnificent cathedral. The cathedral, then, would be the place of the Baptism.

The report was not faulty that the Neapolitan cathedral was beautiful. When the two soldiers, with their sponsors, also soldiers, stood in the doorway, they caught their breath in admiration. The sweep of the church was so great that the altar at the front seemed almost out of sight. And the pillars went right up to the sky where they held aloft a ceiling that resembled the heavens more than a thing of earth. Around the sides of the building were many chapels, each one the size of a whole church in America. And covering walls and pillars and chapels was shining marble. The men wondered how people could ever put up a structure like the one before them; and then the thought came, as a result of their instructions, that this was an expression of the faith, the religion which they were about to assume. And pride filled their hearts that they were being granted so grand a privilege as to join the ranks of those mighty people of the past—people who were moved by belief in the supernatural to do such tremendous things. They became anxious to receive the waters that would introduce them to Christ's Mystical Body. And so, without pausing to examine the innumerable beauties with which the ages had adorned the church, they pressed forward to find someone who would tell them where the Baptismal Font was located so that their own priest could accomplish the ceremony and make them one with the centuries both past and future.

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On the right side of the church there was a huge chapel, at one end of which was an altar made of the most precious stone. Beneath the altar lay a gold casket; in this casket was a vial which contained the blood of St. Januarius, bishop and martyr, and patron of the city. Every year, on the feast day of the saint, this chapel witnessed one of the world's most astounding miracles — the dried blood of the saint liquified before the eyes of the people. It was evident that St. Januarius was still with his people as he was when he ruled them as their bishop before his martyrdom. Directly across from this chapel was the Baptismal font. Thus, the two soldiers became members of the true fold almost under the eyes of the great saint. The font was more like a pulpit than the usual kind of stoop which characterizes American churches. And it ascended almost to the ceiling. There were at least twenty steps going up to the place where the ceremony was to be performed.

Meanwhile a crowd had been gathering. One of the strange things about the war was that an American could go no place at all but that he had a crowd gathered around him before he could even take his bearings. And many of the people would merely look at him as though he were some kind of strange creature the likes of which they had never seen before. This was especially true when an American was found in a church. The people had been led to believe that the only thing that Americans were intent on doing was robbing, killing and plundering. To find one of these strange creatures in a church was a curiosity beyond the fondest delights of the best museums. He had to be examined, to be studied, to

be watched carefully. Perhaps he would carry off the tabernacle if a good eye were not kept on him. This was the case in the beginning. Later on the people gathered around the soldier because they had learned that just the opposite was true of all that they had been told. Whatever the American had, he was willing to share with others, even though these others had been his enemy just a short time before. If you had not tasted candy or enjoyed chewing gum for five or six years, and then suddenly found a multitude of men who not only had candy and chewing gum but who were also willing to share it with you, you too would crowd around whenever you saw one of the strange creatures nearby.

The soldiers did not know what to make of it all. They were pushed first this way and then that way. They were spoken to in rapid Italian and with many gestures which meant absolutely nothing to them. And not only were there people at the foot of the font, but two or three local priests had succeeded in mounting right up the steps to the place where the water was to be poured. Their purpose in being on hand was to extend a willing hand; but it would have been far better if they had remained at home. In their anxiety to help the American priest, they anticipated his every word and gesture. Thus, instead of waiting for him to begin the prayer for the different parts of the Baptism, they would always begin themselves, with the result that a sort of unceasing confusion reigned from beginning to end.

Whether the Italians expected chewing gum in crowding around the Baptismal font is doubtful; but the fact remains, they were there looking

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on expectantly as one might watch a program on the stage. But the climax came when the Baptism neared the end. There is a rubric in the ceremony which calls for a white cloth to be placed on the head of the person being baptized as a symbol of the whiteness and purity of his soul. The American priest was on the point of placing the linen on the young men's respective heads when the Italian priests stopped him with a most imperative gesture. Beckoning to the church janitor who also had got into the Baptismal pulpit in some mysterious manner, they took from him two long robes resembling night shirts, and before the American priest could protest, had these robes over the heads and covering the uniforms of the soldiers. The moment was solemn in the Baptism. But all solemnity was lost when the men beheld themselves so attired. They laughed; the American priest laughed; the Italian priests and the Italian people far below the font looked puzzled. To them there really wasn't

anything funny at all. Fortunately, the ceremony came to an end a moment later, and the newly made Christians with their sponsors and their priest made their escape. A safe statement is that they shall never forget that Baptism.

S/Sgt Phil Martino of Providence, Rhode Island, and Cpl. John Luck of Cincinnati, Ohio, went back to their work of placing balloons over areas that were open to enemy air attacks. But they were not the same men that they had been before. 1944 was to be the first year of their lives, for they had been born anew. And because their birth had taken place in the midst of dangers and perils, they were stronger from the start than they would have been had these dangers and perils been absent. Today, at the beginning of 1946, they are true to the toast they made at the beginning of 1944. They have done nothing to disgrace the Faith of their fathers which God in His infinite kindness granted them the grace to embrace. May He help them always.

Monkey Business

The other nuns in the convent thought it was exceedingly ludicrous when Mother Simeon received an advertisement from a publishing house addressed to "Mother Simian."

Reverend Mother, however, airily dismissed the incident with a smile, saying: "It is a pardonable error. They merely mistook a nun for a monk."

Contributed by Frank A. Looby

Ad in a Minnesota paper:

RE-ELECT
WM. "BILL" MISTA
CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT

"I think myself, if I am re-elected, with the experience I have consumed through these three terms as your Clerk of Court, that I will be able to give you all better service, but there is no human being living that can satisfy everyone." *We hope the voters let you consume a little more of that good ole stuff, Bill.*



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

The Thought of Hell

Saints have always made earthly suffering in any form a salutary reminder of the terrible sufferings that must be endured by those who pass into the other world in a state of enmity with God. It may even be said that one of the purposes of Divine Providence in permitting suffering on earth is to make people think of how much worse their suffering would be if they insisted on dying in sin and being cast into hell forever. Just to compare the sufferings of hell with those of bodily sickness on earth can bring great comfort because it strengthens one's determination not to lose God's friendship and makes bodily suffering seem less hopeless and severe.

Physical pain in hell is infinitely worse than even the worst form of bodily suffering ever experienced on earth. In hell, suffering will not be confined to one member or organ or part of the body. It will embrace all.

Physical pain in hell will be accompanied by terrible sufferings of soul. The realization that God is indeed the only source of comfort and joy, and that He has been lost through one's own rebellion and foolhardiness, will make for an oppressive and constant sense of loneliness and abandonment. This will be intensified by the companionship of other sinners, some of them suffering for kinds of sin that one detested even while on earth. Misery will not love the kind of company it will find in hell.

Physical pain in hell will have the dread note of unchangeableness. There will be no relief from time to time, and no prospect of any relief forever. Suffering on earth is never without prospect of some relief, through sleep, sedatives, healing, etc. Anyone who has to suffer temporarily can easily appreciate how much more terrible the suffering would be if all prospect of relief were suddenly withdrawn.

Thoughts of hell like these should bear fruit, not in unreasonable fear, but in relief that it is so easy to avoid hell and earn happiness in the next world, even though it involve years of illness; in relief that with suffering on earth there are usually so many comforts, such as the sympathy and charity of friends and relatives, the blessing of sleep, the assistance of medical treatment, the peace of the soul and the assurance of the friendship of God; in relief that the sufferings of the body in this world are never hopelessly and indefinitely prolonged.

Jungle Murder

A glimpse of more than a murder. Of the kind of work to be done in Brazil, and of the kind of life led by the men who, like the author, have volunteered to go there.

J. Kreuzer

THE jungle is proverbially wild and ruthless. An ideal spot for a murder.

It was nine o'clock. The night was full of mosquitoes and stars. The stars were high and hidden by a roof of grass. The mosquitoes were less aloof. Literally standing on a score of wooden legs was the house, well up on the river bank. It was a typical jungle house of branches and palm leaves laced together with vines. But the room was large enough to hold a hundred people. About that many had attended evening services, reciting the rosary and listening to big Padre Joe's instruction on the value of their souls.

After services the men went outside; the women and children remained huddled together at one side of the room. Out of deference to us their conversation was moderated to mild shouting. For big Padre Joe and I were hearing confessions, he in one corner, I in the other. The wooden boxes on which we were sitting had not yet become uncomfortable when the first news of the killing came.

Like a pursued and frightened jungle-cat the owner of the house came bounding into the room. His shout was not subdued.

"A thousand pardons, Padres, but Antonio Ferreira has been murdered."

His shouting was swallowed up by a scream. Then followed another. Such were the first pitiful reactions of the mother and sister of the murdered man.

To anyone half a mile up the river

the noise of the next few moments must have sounded like the inhuman wail of a war dance. We all rushed out of the house and down the river bank. Many slipped and fell, for the path was muddy and steep. But once assembled below, a terrible silence gripped us all as though we were standing and looking at death itself. Overhead the stars still blinked. A big fish splashed in the river. But only a bit of an infant in its mother's arms dared to utter a human sound. The scent of the burning oil from the lamp that flickered beside the body added to the dreadful solemnity.

He was laid out in a canoe. A lad of twenty-four, with his wrists tied together to keep the arms from dangling. The lamp-light kept shifting ghastly shadows across his face. For a long moment we stood and stared. Then the mother would have sprung into the canoe but they stopped her. And because I was nearest to her, she clung to me, weeping and sobbing and calling on the Mother of God.

Big Padre Joe said some prayers. The body was then carried up to the house, the mother stumbling blindly after. There was a lad of twelve still on the river's edge. Shyly he came up to me and in a voice mixed with kind rebuke and great surprise he said: "But, Padre, he was a good boy." He said it as if he had always thought that the good never die. My hand touched his shoulder and felt him trembling as though chilled with a spasm of malaria.

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The murder, we were told, had occurred a short distance down the river. Was it due to a woman or stolen rubber, we wanted to know? Neither. It was cachassa.

Cachassa is a drink. Even a man who can take whiskey like water blinks and gasps as he first tastes cachassa. I remember one time we ran out of alcohol for the little burner we use for cooking our food on the boat. We substituted cachassa. It served just as well as the straight alcohol. The simple folk believe it has a devil. Nor is their belief completely unreasonable. It is necessary to understand all this in order to grasp the motivation of the murder.

Two men were paddling down the river in a canoe. Both were under the influence of this demon drink. One wanted to go ashore, and the other didn't. It was as simple as that. Naturally the man who was steering had his way and turned toward the shore. Immediately he was assaulted by his companion who used the bottle as a club. After it broke he continued using the jagged piece that remained in his hand. By way of retaliation the other drove a knife into his back eight times and threw the body into the river. It was as childish as that. And as deadly.

Big Padre Joe and I went back to the house. Surrounded by a dozen candles, the body lay in the middle of the room. Around it fluttered the little mother, propping up the head, cutting the cord from the arms and arranging the hands, smoothing out the hair. She was just whimpering softly now; for jungle women learn to live with sorrow long before their hair is gray.

Sitting on the floor next to the

body of his dead brother was a lad of five. He was not crying. He was not even moving. He just stared at the face of the dead man. A well-meaning girl finally came up to lay a comforting hand on his shoulder. I had heard several screams that night. But now in the quiet of this great grass house, with the candles etching huge shadows on the walls behind the dead body, I heard a scream that made every nerve in my body stand taut and twanging. It was from the boy. Perhaps it meant that for the first time his youthful mind had been brought to understand the terrible thing that goes by the name of death.

We watched and prayed over the body for some time. And big Padre Joe made some appropriate remarks about the advisability of constantly being prepared to pass into eternity.

Some time after ten o'clock we left the house and were about to feel our way down the steep embankment when a hand was laid on my shoulder. Turning, I saw a fellow who had been more or less loitering on the fringe of the crowd all evening. No one had seemed to care to go near him. And even in the obscurity of the night it was plain that his face was disfigured.

"I'd like to go to confession," he said.

We found a spot under a farinha shed. I sat on a stump. He knelt on the ground in front of me, tightly clasping my knees. Afterwards when I shook his hand and bade him Good Night, he casually mentioned the cause of his deformity. He was a leper.

We got to our boat, strung up our hammocks, and climbed in. Our missionary cruise through this section of

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the jungle had kept us going quite steadily for the last few weeks, so we had no difficulty falling asleep.

About the first thing big Padre Joe told me the next morning was that he had had a dream.

"Not unusual," I remarked. "What was it this time? A steak with mashed potatoes or just a glass of cold milk?"

"No," he said. "I dreamed that last night the murderer paddled up in his canoe and was looking through the window."

It took Padre Joe just ten minutes to prove that he was no idle dreamer. When he went outside, the Deligando (Sheriff) was sitting on the prow of our boat. He pointed to the canoe moored next to us. Then big Padre Joe motioned to me in the cabin to look out of the window. I looked out at a face badly bruised and cut. But for all of that it was the face of a very quiet and peaceful-looking man. And incidentally the face of the murderer. . . .

For Sweet Charity

A lady whom we know was spending her vacation with her two small children at a winter resort in Florida. It was January up north, in Michigan to be precise, and everybody knows how the weather is in January in Michigan. And everybody knows how the weather is in Florida, too, in January. So she was lucky — at least that's what everybody said.

When her vacation came to an end, before she boarded the train to return home, she made up several large bundles of her own and her children's clothes (she had been gone for over a month) and shipped them ahead by mail. They would be awaiting her when she arrived; and all the trouble would be avoided of having to bother about trunks and checks and all the things connected therewith. The postal clerk was very gracious and told her not to worry — everything would get to its destination in fine shape.

It so happened that at that particular time in her home town a drive had been instituted for the securing of clothes for the freezing people of Europe. All the citizens of the town were told by broadcast to package together their gifts and to leave them on the front porch of their homes; that trucks would be around in due time to pick them up.

Every other porch in town had a bundle of clothing on it as the days went by; and every day a truck would go up and down the streets and men would haul away that which they found on the porches. Thus, it was not the men's fault if they hauled away the bundles of our friend. The mail truck had brought these bundles to the house, but not finding anybody at home, he just left them there and went his way. Not long after the collector came along. Singing merrily, undoubtedly, and meditating to himself on the kindness of the American people, without a second thought he lifted the heavy load to his shoulder and carried it to the truck. Then the truck drove away.

When our friend arrived home and discovered (after long inquiry) what had happened, she was more than a little bit disturbed. She went down to the place where the discarded clothing was stored, but all she succeeded in finding was a secondary dress of her own and a slip and pair of shoes of her children. Eventually she gave up the job of trying to find what she lost, and went home the poorer.

Anyway, it is much better to give than to receive.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

One of the mistaken notions that has taken deep root in many minds is that which was put into words by the famous writer Oliver Wendell Holmes. He said that the Catholic religion is the hardest religion to live in but the easiest of all to die in. We call the notion mistaken for two reasons: first, because experience teaches that the Catholic religion is not a hard religion to live in for those who once surrender completely to the truth revealed by God; and secondly, because they who die easily in the Catholic religion are usually they who have lived in it happily and loyally. The facts of the matter leave little room for a person to console himself by saying: "I shall escape many hardships by living as I please, free from the strictures imposed by the Catholic Church as the spokesman of God; but I shall die in the bosom of that Church and therefore without fear."

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Several examples of the easy death of Catholics who have lived their faith joyously for many years are fresh in our minds. Father John J. McDonnell, a Redemptorist in charge of a leper colony at Cebu in the Philippine Islands, wrote us recently about such a death. Vincenta entered the leper colony with the dread disease at the age of eleven. There she rapidly became a saint. It was not many years before she had become the ministering angel of the entire colony. She began each day with Mass and Communion and a fairly long thanksgiving before the tabernacle. Then, after a simple breakfast, she spent the day in caring for the other lepers. Daily the disease made more progress in her own body, but as long as she could walk she would go from bed to bed in the infirmary, comforting patients in worse condition than herself. She was never heard to complain about herself, and she would answer the complaints of others by saying prayers for them and with them. It became the custom for the dying to call for Vincenta, that she might help them pray their way into eternity. Thus

she lived, joyously and cheerfully in the midst of her own great suffering, until the day came when she herself could no longer stand. Father McDonnell asked her if she wanted to live, and she answered No. Then he asked her if she was anxious to die, and again the answer was No. To the question: "What do you wish?" she replied: "God's will only, Father." She died as peacefully as she had lived, and her last words to the chaplain were: "I shall speak to Jesus about you, Father, and to His Mother." It was easy for Vincenta to die a Catholic because it had been so easy for her to live as one, even in a leper colony, surrounded by disease, and herself a victim of its ravages.

✕

Another death we witnessed during the past month, and it tells the same story. It was the death of one of the most learned men we have ever known, who for all his learning, lived as a child in the faith of the Son of God. His name was Father John Zeller, a Redemptorist who knew 15 or 20 languages, who had taught the sciences of Sacred Scripture and Sacred History for over 30 years. When the heart attack came that was to end in death, he reached for his rosary and placed it around his neck. There was no evidence of surprise or panic or fear when we told him that he was dying. He made his last confession, joined in the prayers of his anointing, and seemed to hold on to consciousness by will power alone until we brought him Viaticum. He leaned forward eagerly to receive Communion for the last time, and five minutes later passed into unconsciousness and death. His death was easy, untroubled, free from apprehension on his own part and on the part of us who were around him. But it was so only because his life had been a life of complete surrender to the love and the will of God. And anyone who knew him would smile in disbelief if someone were to say that his life was hard. It was the life of a man completely happy in the service of God.

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The death of the blind man whose story is related in this issue of *THE LIGUORIAN* under the title "Blind Man's Love" is another instance of the same. That story reveals how easy it was for him to accept the will of God in life, even though it meant blindness and physical suffering. As it was easy for him to live thus, so it was easy for him to die in the same spirit. His last words were in answer to the question, put to him as death was at hand: "Is there any worry on your mind? Is there anything you wish to say?" His whole life had fashioned the simple answer that he gave: "I want nothing but God's will. If God wants me to die, I am ready to go to Him."

✠

There is little comfort, on the other hand, for those who think to make a practical living principle out of the statement that it is hard to live as a loyal Catholic but easy to die as one, and who therefore plan to wait until death is near before surrendering entirely to the will of God. So many things can and do happen to spoil the plan. Many such are never permitted the opportunity to carry out the plan; they die suddenly, or their relatives prevent them from seeing a priest before it is too late, or they can never be brought to think that death is near even

when it is knocking at the door. And even when they do have a little time to prepare, and so to carry out the plan of dying easily as a good Catholic, their preparation is hurried and harried and filled with distractions caused by pain or sedatives or half-consciousness or fear. The death of a person who has lived sinfully is a hard death—every priest can tell you that. Such a one hasn't had any practice at carrying the yoke of Christ, and the burden of approaching death seems insufferably hard. He is out of practice in making acts of contrition, or perhaps too inured to the practice of making insincere and meaningless acts of contrition. Often he is surrounded by people as indifferent as he has been, who would rather see him spared from the momentary shock of being told he is dying than have him duly prepared for the shock of entering another world. All the experience in the world combines to preach that it is not easy to die as a good Catholic if one has not lived as a good Catholic. Indeed, it would be strange if it were otherwise, because in the final analysis a good death depends on the grace of God, and if one has strewn the pathway of his life with rejected and misused graces, it is not hard to understand why perhaps the last and greatest of all graces may be withheld.

Heaven and Hell

An Italian painter once met a beautiful little girl with a face of an angel. He thought he would never see so lovely a countenance again, so he painted a portrait of the girl and hung the picture in his study that he might cast a glance now and then upon those heavenly features. Under this picture he wrote the word "Heaven."

Many years later, as he was visiting a prison, this same painter saw there a wild, haggard woman with piercing eyes, upon whose countenance lust and crime had drawn deep furrows. He painted the portrait of this woman also, hung it in his study, and subscribed it with the word "Hell." It was a true picture of hideous misery. But how great was his astonishment, when he discovered that this woman whose face now was a fitting picture of hell, was the same person whose features as a child had given him the picture of heaven.

Such is the case with the spiritual life. The soul—today pure and beautiful—tomorrow may become loathsome and repulsive through the operation of bad thoughts and deeds.



Catholic Anecdotes

Not Quite Modern

It is not often that you meet a man like the great Dutch painter, Willibrord Verkade. When modern people give away money or valuables, they generally do so for a cause; and they count the giving as a sacrifice. Not so with Verkade. He possessed that unique gift of character which made him feel happier when he gave something away than when he kept it for himself. And there did not have to be a cause like a charity drive or a collection for a new school to move him to empty his pockets or his purse. The giving was what mattered, not necessarily the cause.

One day this strange man and his friend Ballin were merrily taking part in the innocent frolic of the streets in Rome when some masqueraders led them to a dance-hall. Ballin soon got tired of this sport and left, but Verkade kept on hopping with the rest. After a time a pretty signorina who was dancing with him, noticed him glancing at his watch and exclaimed delightedly: "*Molto bello*: how fine! Please let me see it," adding with true Italian naïvete: "Here, let me have it." Taking the watch off the chain he handed it over to her: "Here you are," he said; and as the dance ended just then, he picked up his hat and went out, leaving her still standing there and looking after him in blank amazement.

When somebody asked Verkade later on where his watch was, he told them the story as though the giving

away of watches to unknown signorinas were an every-day occurrence. And he added: "You know, when finally I reached the street after that dance, I seemed to feel a wonderful relief on getting rid of the expensive timepiece. There are timepieces everywhere, I mused; so why carry one about? And indeed I never felt the want of it afterwards, except when traveling, and then only on awakening in the early mornings when I wished to see how much time there was before I should have to get up."

Verkade was a world-famous painter; but Verkade was not a millionaire — far from it. But it is a safe bet to make that he was far happier than he would have been had he been a millionaire.

Ancient Objection

The eloquent and saintly Père Lacordaire, while dining at a hotel one day, had to listen to the annoying remarks of a godless and tactless commercial traveler. At last the speaker, who happened to be eating an omelette, turned to Lacordaire and said:

"I never believe what I do not understand. Is not that right, sir?"

"Do you understand," Lacordaire replied, "how heat which melts iron hardened those eggs you are eating?"

"Well, to be candid, I do not."

"I am glad to see, however, that though you do not understand, you still believe in omelettes," said Lacordaire.



Pointed Paragraphs

Time for a Reckoning

It has been remarked, by this writer as by others observing the stage of human life, that there has been an upswing in indifference to spiritual things since the end of the war. This is noted as something over and above the blindness to spiritual realities that persisted and even grew worse in some during the war. It means that some who prayed earnestly and frequently during the war, now pray poorly and sporadically; that some who truly felt that the only one who could help them during the war was God, now feel that they can do pretty well by themselves; that some who believed in God in foxholes and on ships under fire and in air-raids, now find less urgency and incentive to action in their belief.

It is for this situation exactly that the season of Lent is intended. It is designed to remind people that after wars are over, and even without wars, they need God; in fact, that they need to seek God more in prosperity and peace than they do in trial because it is then that they are most inclined to forget Him.

What good, Lent says to every Christian, to have been saved from the temporary horrors of war if you are now going to thrust yourself into the eternal horror of hell?

What good, it says, to have survived the danger of being maimed, disfigured, or killed in war, if now you

offer your soul to the eternal disfigurement of sin?

What good to have had great confidence in Jesus Christ and His Mother and the Saints to protect a loved one, to defend your liberty, to bring your nation victory, if now you recognize no need of Jesus Christ and His Passion to win you the very goal for which you were made?

What good all the self-sacrifice contained in accepting rationing, war shortages, separation from loved ones, etc., for the sake of a few years of freedom and peace on earth, if you cannot undertake any mortification for the sake of heaven?

These are solemn questions, and Lent this year will prove how many people have the courage to answer them wisely. The wise will do penance, and offer extra prayers, and listen to sermons and meditate on God's goodness and repent of their sins. The unwise will prove that their confidence in God during the war was hypocrisy and their religion closely akin to superstition.

What's Wrong With Women?

The other day we saw a drunken woman, about 30 years of age, board a street-car in which we were sitting. In a loud, raucous voice, she filled the car with profane, belligerent and filthy talk.

Shortly before that, we were standing in a railroad station. Nearby was a young mother with a child of three

or four. The youngster began to tug at its mother's dress and to whimper a bit from restlessness. In the hearing of at least a dozen people the mother directed a stream of profanity at the child.

A few weeks ago we were talking to a judge in his chambers in the courthouse of a large city. The judge was much distraught. He paced up and down the room. He had just left the bench where he had had a mother of three children before him, who had come to the court for the express purpose of petitioning to be legally relieved of all responsibility to her children so that she could divorce their father and marry another man.

Leaving the courthouse, we fell into conversation with a young man of about 25. "Look at me, Father," he said. "I'm a wreck. I was making \$105 a week when I got married six months ago. My wife went through every penny of my salary for two months, and then left me flat for another guy. I hate women."

Incidents like these send chills up and down one's spine. One keeps reassuring oneself that they are individual instances; that it would be sinful to draw general conclusions from them. But they have become far too frequent. Profanity in the conversation of girls and women can be overheard almost every time one sits down in a train. There seem to be as many women entering and leaving taverns as men, and around hotel bars they cluster like flies. Mothers without a trace of motherly instinct have appeared far too frequently, in the papers, in courts, among one's own neighbors.

The decent girls and women far outnumber the bad—that is certain. But because the bad cast such long

shadows over their sex, the good have the responsibility of letting the sunlight of their virtue erase the shadows, and of helping the fallen and perverted to rise from their degradation. It is time for the clean-minded, pure-tongued, alcohol-free, gentle-hearted girls and women to take the leadership of their sex.

Contradiction in Education

We don't know much that can be done about it, but we do feel a great pity for the professors and students of many secular educational institutions who feel bound to try to resolve the contradiction that is inherent in so-called "non-sectarian education."

On the one hand, such education is not supposed to treat of religion in any way; nothing must be taught or said that could be interpreted as doctrine conforming to the beliefs of one group but not of another. Therefore nothing certain must be said or taught about religion.

On the other hand, it seems so inconceivable to think of a rounded education without any reference to religion. Everybody who thinks recognizes the lack. It is the unseen reality that is always present, even when ignored.

Thus it is that some brave schools try to compromise with the contradiction. An example of such compromise is before us. In a bulletin sent out by Stephens College, Missouri, one of the more advanced and uninhibited educational institutions, the religious issue is tackled boldly, but, alas, it finds itself torn to pieces on the jagged rocks of the contradiction mentioned above.

"The College," says the bulletin, "has interpreted the function of religion not in terms of sectarian instruc-

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tion, but rather in terms of broad human values that underlie a constructive 'way of life' and determines motives for individual and group action." What values? one asks. What motives? one queries. What kind of individual and group action? one wants to know. Alas, it would be sectarian to answer.

The following are some of the objectives set out as part of religious emphasis at Stephens:

1. To make it normal for undergraduates to pay attention to the problem of values.
2. To enlarge the capacity of students to respond to spiritual values.
3. To provide for students an opportunity to "talk over in their own language" and to think through together the implications of values for their own lives and for their civilization.
4. To help students, while they are in college, form habits of assuming responsibility for social need.
5. To help students reconstruct, or develop satisfactorily, a point of view about life to the end that they may achieve a sound philosophy for their everyday thinking and living.

One doesn't need a higher education to notice that in this entire statement on religion at Stephens, the name of God is not mentioned and there is not a single indication of what a religious or spiritual value is. That's how far the contradiction concerning religion in education has carried intelligent people from simple truths like these:

Religion is a human being's relation to God, based on God's manifest will.

Religion is a virtue inclining a person to render God due worship, obedience, and love.

Religion is a science, as intelligible

as mathematics, as certain as physics, as practical as medicine, defining what men must believe and do to attain their destiny with God.

Protection

During the war in Europe, some twenty or thirty soldiers were occupying a stone house in France at a junction of two important roads. The house itself was in a declivity, which gave it some measure of protection. It needed protection, for the Germans were reaching for the crossroad constantly with every type of shell they had. They knew that if they could keep the corner interdicted, no replacements would be able to get to the front to relieve the men who were almost completely worn out from over-long duty.

For fifteen days the shells landed on every side of the house; shrapnel buried itself in its stone walls; but not once had there been a direct hit. However, one morning about four o'clock, when all the men except the guards were asleep, a 155mm. shell made a direct hit on the very wall against which the men were sleeping. Pieces of hot, jagged iron landed between the blankets, on the table, next to the heads of the men. Yet not one man was even injured.

The reason for this miraculous escape was eventually discovered. Each evening the lieutenant in charge of the men took all the Catholics aside and said the rosary with them. Each evening for fifteen days. Some who heard the story of their escape called it freak coincidence. But the soldiers knew that it was the power of the Mother of God.

Religion is the deepest concern of the human heart; the deepest theme of all world history. — *Pesch*



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

History of Heresies

Chapter I. Heresies of the First Century

Simon Magus:

The first heretic to disturb the peace of the Church was Simon Magus. Born in Samaria in the village of Gittum, he was called *Magus*, or *the magician*, because of his use of magical arts in deceiving the people. The Samaritans, as is narrated in the book of the Acts of the Apostles, spoke thus of him: "This man is the power of God, which is called great." Simon one day beheld Peter and John imposing their hands upon a number of the faithful, thus conferring the Holy Ghost, and he offered the apostles money that he also might receive this power. It is from this act of Simon that the sin of *simony*, the sale of sacred things, has received its name. After this incident Simon went to Rome, where a statue was erected to him. In his book of Apologies, written to the Romans, St. Justin speaks of this: "In your royal city of Rome, he did mighty acts of magic, by virtue of the art of the devils operating in him. He was considered a god, and as a god was honored by you with a statue, which was erected on the river Tiber, between the two bridges, and bore this inscription: 'To Simon the holy God.'"

The principal errors taught by Simon were these: that the world was created by the angels; that the souls of men, freed by death from the bonds

of one body, pass into others (if this were true, remarks St. Irenaeus, they would remember their former deeds, for the faculties of a man accompany his soul); that man lacks free will and that good works are not necessary for salvation (these errors have been revived in our own days by the so-called reformers); that he himself was God, the law-giver of the Jews, restorer of the world and the Holy Spirit.

Many authors narrate that when Simon was one day practising his magical arts, he was carried high into the air by the devils. But when Saints Peter and Paul invoked the name of Jesus Christ, he fell suddenly, breaking his legs in his fall. On another occasion he was carried aloft, and experiencing no pain or shame, he cast himself down from an even greater height and was killed instantly. Suetonius, a pagan author, confirms this story, narrating that a certain man, on an occasion when Nero was present at the public games, attempted to fly, cast himself down, and in falling was so grievously wounded that the very throne of Nero was spattered with blood.

Menander:

A Samaritan also, and a disciple of Simon Magus, Menander came into the public eye in the year 73. He

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claimed to be sent by some secret Power for the salvation of man, and that it was by Baptism in his name alone that men could be saved. His Baptism, moreover, was so surely the true resurrection that his disciples would, even in this world, enjoy immortality. Regarding Jesus Christ, the Son of God, he taught that Christ's actions were only apparently human, but were in reality all divine.

Cerinthus:

Though he was a disciple of Menander, Cerinthus spread his errors in the same year, 73. He taught that the world was not created by God; that the observance of the Mosaic law was still necessary for salvation; that after the general resurrection, Jesus Christ would establish an earthly kingdom, and all men would be gathered together at Jerusalem for a thousand years, there to enjoy all the pleasures afforded by the body (this is called the doctrine of the *millenium*); and finally that Christ was not God. It is narrated that the Apostle St. John and a group of companions were one day entering a bathhouse. But the Apostle, seeing that Cerinthus was within, exclaimed to his companions: "Let us hasten from this place lest the bathhouse fall upon us." The event justified St. John's fears, for a sudden tremor of the earth shook the building, and Cerinthus met his death buried under its walls.

This impious man also taught that Jesus was a mere man, born in the same manner as other men are born.

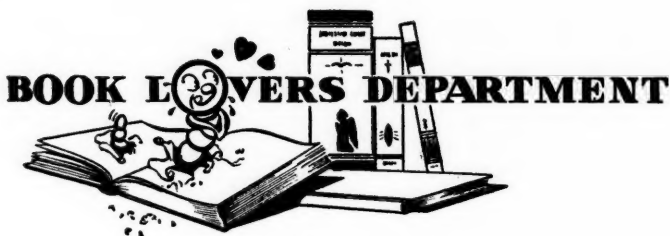
But at the time of his baptism in the Jordan, Christ descended upon him, that is, a certain spirit was sent to him by God, filling Jesus with his own knowledge, which he, in turn, was to impart to men. After he had imbued others with this knowledge and performed miracles, Jesus was abandoned by this Christ to darkness and death, and Christ returned whence he had come. Behold to what lengths of impiety and foolishness a stubborn mind, forsaking the light of faith, will lead one!

Ebion:

Ebion was the founder of the sect of heretics named after himself, the Ebionites. He boasted that he was a disciple of St. Peter, but detested the very name of St. Paul. He conferred Baptism, and, moreover, every Sunday would consecrate the Eucharist, using unleavened bread, but with only water in the chalice. Ebion claimed that the Mosaic law must be united with the Christian faith. Of all the books in the New Testament he recognized only the Gospel of St. Matthew, and this only after making many changes. Some ancient authors even go so far as to say that St. John wrote his Gospel in refutation of the errors of Ebion. This impious heretic became so depraved in his blasphemies as to say that Jesus Christ was born of Joseph and Mary, just as all other men are born, and was therefore a mere man; but afterwards, because of the virtues he had acquired, he became the adopted Son of God.

The life of St. Alphonsus Liguori may be obtained from The Liguorian Pamphlet office for \$2.00.

Eight of the ascetical works of St. Alphonsus may be obtained from The Liguorian Pamphlet Office for \$9.00.



Conducted by T. Tobin, C.Ss.R.

CATHOLIC AUTHORS

Rev. Patrick Joseph Carroll, C.S.C. 1876-

I. Life:

County Limerick, Ireland, was the birthplace of Patrick Carroll in August of 1876. In his youth he came to the United States. When he was twenty years of age he entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Before his ordination on August 12, 1900, he studied for three years at the Catholic University. After his ordination he held various executive and teaching positions in his Congregation. From 1907 until 1910 he was the President of St. Edward's College in Austin, Texas. He has been professor at various times at Notre Dame and was vice-president from 1926 to 1928. Duquesne University awarded him an honorary Doctorate of Letters in 1926. He is a member of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors and of the Catholic Poetry Society. Since 1934 he has lived at Notre Dame where he has been editor of the *Ave Maria*.

II. Writings:

Most of Father Carroll's writing has been done in connection with the *Ave Maria*. His first verses appeared in its columns, as have most of his subsequent poems, essays and stories. Father Carroll is above all the teller of tales of Irish characters, and the painter of pictures of Irish rural life. His books have been inspired by the memory of his own boyhood in Ireland. He is a born story teller. His stories are filled with the human touch that enlivens his pages with real characters. Like the real story-teller, he often digresses in the

midst of a tale to tell further details about some person or place. The people are real men and women with their human strength and weakness. The joys and sorrows of Irish rural life are told in a charmingly simple style that pleases the reader.

Round about Home is the first series of sketches that appeared in the *Ave Maria*. *The Man-God* is a life of Christ. *Patch and Patch of Askeaton Days* are records of the author's own adventures as a boy in Ireland. Father Carroll has also published several other series of Irish tales and stories.

III. The Book:

Michaleen was first published serially in the *Ave Maria* in 1931. It tells the further adventures of Patch and his young friend, *Michaleen*. Pleasant fun and hilarious escapades again feature the pages of this book. Irish life as found on a farm furnished endless possibilities for adventure and trouble. The characters are drawn with a few phrases that make them real persons, distinct from others. *Michaleen* is every inch a real boy, despite his bookish learning and weak body. Patch lives up to his reputation for getting into difficulties. Patch's sister, Nan, is ever the one solicitous about the table manners of her lively brother. Con Cahill is the farm hand who always remarks: "We must get to the backbone of it," when some question is brought up for discussion. *Michaleen* is a book that will give wholesome pleasure to its readers.

Book Reviews for March

Retreat Meditations

Very Rev. Frederick T. Hoeger, C.S.Sp., has issued in book form the conferences that he has preached during the past twenty years. *A Tryst with the Holy Trinity* (Pustet, 176 pp., \$2.50) is the title that he uses for these conferences. Father Hoeger feels that so little is remembered of past retreats because retreats have no unity and mental pegs on which to hang the various talks. To meet this situation the author groups the meditations around devotion to the Three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity. Meditations on the Our Father lead us to know and love God, the Father. The Stations of the Cross paint the picture of the Son. Seven conferences on the influence of the Holy Ghost complete the reflections on devotion to the Holy Trinity.

The individual chapters are refreshing. Some very practical remarks manifest great insight into the problems of religious and priestly life. The topics treated follow, in a general way, the classical topics. The adverse criticism is that the author has not attained the object at which he aimed. The purpose of the book was to give unity to the retreat and to furnish mental keepsakes for the future. The order is not clear. The mingling of the three different subjects leaves no clear impression in the mind. It is too bad that this artificial striving for unity mars the utility of this book.

A Parish War Record

The parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Brooklyn has published a *Memorial* of its war efforts. Almost three thousand parishioners were inscribed on the honor roll; eighty-one boys gave up their lives in the service of their country. The school children contributed many articles of war by the stamps they bought; the Red Cross unit made countless numbers of bandages. A picture and short biography of each of the boys honored with a Gold Star is given in the booklet. This is the record of a fine war effort of a large Catholic parish. It refutes any feeling that Catholics are not patriotic; it is a worthy tribute to all those who co-operated in the winning of the war. Other parishes would do well to examine this *Memorial* before they publish their own histories.

Wopsy, Guardian Angel

Meet *Wopsy, the Guardian Angel* (Catechetical Guild, 94 pp., \$1.25). *Wopsy* is a small Angel who is suddenly given the care of a little colored pagan baby. He immediately flies to seek expert instructions from the other Guardian Angels. Shiny, his charge, is a little boy who needs a great deal of care. *Wopsy's* first concern is for the Baptism of his protégé, and from then on he keeps very busy in watching over and protecting Shiny. This is really a child's book! Father Gerard F. Scriven of the White Fathers tells a fascinating story in words and action that children love. The illustrations are excellent. As an example, *Wopsy* is shown sliding down a moonbeam to begin his work of guarding Shiny. The theology is sound, but is presented in an imaginative way that children understand. He tells the children: "And no matter what picture you have in mind about your Guardian Angel, he acts more or less like *Wopsy*—he is busy day and night loving God as hard as he can by taking good care of you!" Even mother and father will enjoy the story and the illustrations as they read this story of the adventures of a Guardian Angel to Johnnie or Mary.

The Good Samaritan Almanac

The fourth annual volume of the *Good Samaritan Almanac* (64 pp., 25 cents) has been released by the Apostolate of Suffering. It is a year around booklet for the use of the sick and shut-ins. The daily calendar contains helpful suggestions for sanctifying each day's crosses. Poems, short stories and a list of books make this a desirable handbook for the grand army of the Apostles of Suffering.

Catholics on the Air

Catholic radio programs are not found too frequently on the air. In a survey, more than five hundred radio stations admitted that they were not carrying Catholic programs as a regular feature. Over one hundred station-managers stated that they would like to broadcast Catholic programs—if they were worthwhile. To help Catholics learn the technique of radio broadcasting, Mrs. Mary Agnes Schroeder has prepared a booklet: *Catholics, Meet the Mike* (Queen's Work, 128 pp., \$1.00). The subtitle is: "A radio workshop giving professional advice to the amateur." Mrs. Schroeder has the experience

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that qualifies her as an expert. She has been engaged in radio direction and staging for some years; she has worked with studio workshops for younger people. At present Mrs. Schroeder and Father Wobido, S.J., are conducting a studio workshop in conjunction with the radio station at St. Louis University. Practical hints that will make the presentation of Catholic topics skillful and instructive are given in the booklet. The purpose of the author is to actually help young groups to set up a trial broadcast. She shows that there is no need for expensive costumes, or scenery; in fact there is not even a need for a real mike. Expenses are practically nothing to set up a group that wants to test and develop its talents before a mike. Charts that will help to classify the radio technique and personality of the various actors are furnished by Mrs. Schroeder. A list of radio plays suitable for rehearsal is also given. *Catholics, Meet the Mike* is an attractive and authoritative presentation of how to utilize the great means of propaganda, the modern radio. It is recommended to high school, college and sodality groups as an excellent and interesting project of Catholic Action.

A Monumental Treatise on the State

Modern chaos in national and world politics should lead the serious student back to the fundamentals of the nature of the state and international society. Dr. Heinrich A. Rommen has written a complete treatise on *The State in Catholic Thought* (Herder, 748 pp., \$6.00). The state is treated from the political philosophy aspect. The book is divided into an introduction and four parts. The introduction shows the place of the Church in the formation and direction of the secular world. The Church has the duty of Christianizing society and not adopting a stand-offish attitude to the problems of the modern world. The first part is concerned with the preliminary philosophical considerations. It shows the nature of man as a social being, and the natural law as the basis for the state. The philosophy of the state is the subject of the second section. In this part the author treats of the origin, purpose and authority of the state. The interesting question of the origin of the state from the people is also included in this part. The third section is devoted to the discussion of the relationship between the two perfect societies, the Church and the State. The last part of the book studies the relationship

between states, or the community of nations. The work is scholarly and readable. *The State in Catholic Thought* will prove an excellent source book for those interested in the basic problems of the state.

Censures for the Confessor

Priests will welcome a handy outline of *Censures for the Confessor* (Newman, 23 pp., 25 cents), by Rev. Thomas O. Martin. The introduction explains some necessary information in the application of the doctrine on censures to particular cases. The particular censures are listed alphabetically in the booklet. Under each censure in schematic form are contained the following items of information: Who affected?, What covered by the censure?, the censure?, the reservation to whom?, the procedure for the confessor. It is a very handy and practical outline that will be of great help to the confessor who finds it difficult to keep all the details of the various censures in his memory.

Father Louis Lallemant, S.J.

The writings of the saintly seventeenth century Jesuit are little known among English speaking Catholics. Frequent reference to him in the popular ascetical authors has acquainted readers with his name. Allan G. McDougall has modernized the earlier translation of Father Faber's group of *The Spiritual Doctrine of Father Lallemant* (Newman, 304 pp., \$3.00). A biographical sketch of Father Lallemant precedes the doctrine of the book. Father Lallemant himself did not write down the conferences that he spoke to various religious communities during the course of his life. But faithful disciples copied down the words of the master. An early Jesuit companion arranged the doctrine under seven heads. The book treats of the standard subjects usually found in ascetical works. The spirituality of Father Lallemant is famous for the predominant role given to the Incarnate Word. The teaching is simple and will lead souls to sanctity. The sections are very brief and suitable for reflective reading. *The Spiritual Doctrine of Father Lallemant* is a standard ascetical work that should be known to all.

Father Michael Pro

Several accounts have been published of the heroic life and death of the Mexican Martyr, Father Pro, S.J. The latest biography is *The Life of Father Pro* (Radio Replies

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Press, 118 pp., \$1.00) by Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C. Father Forrest has long been interested in the details of the life of Father Pro. He has had the advantage of contact and correspondence with the father and sisters of the martyred Jesuit. Hence his life is rich in details about the early life of Michael Pro. It is consoling to learn that he was not one marked for sanctity from birth, but had to struggle to overcome himself. He was a great practical joker, full of life. The Pro family was one worthy to give birth to two martyrs, Michael and his brother, Humberto. The death scene in which Father Pro faced the firing squad with the immortal words: "Live, Christ the King!" is one that can never be forgotten by the reader. This biography is true to the details of his life. Many excerpts from the poems of the martyr are included in the pages of this book. The example of Father Pro cannot fail to help those who feel a desire to do and suffer something for Christ and His Church.

The Holy Ghost

Too many Catholics know too little about the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Yet the Holy Ghost plays a very important role in the sanctification of Christians. All are called to sanctity and He is the Sanctifier. In the preface Archbishop Beckman reminds us that: "He is the very power-house, the dynamo, the driving force of every act by which our right to a place in heaven is more firmly established and our immortal future made secure."

Father Lester M. Dooley, S.V.D., has collected *Further Discourses on the Holy Ghost* (Pustet, 212 pp., \$2.50) in order to increase knowledge and love of the Holy Ghost. In all, twenty-five different discourses by various authors have been assembled. Twenty of them are addressed to adults, the other five to children. Most of the talks deal with the general means of increasing knowledge of and devotion to the Holy Ghost. The basic reasons for the presence of the Third Person are outlined. Various practical means of increasing our awareness of His presence are given in several of the discourses. Some of the talks are directed to youth. The special talks for children are very simple and practical so that children will readily understand the sublime mysteries taught them. The preacher who has often desired to preach the sublime mystery of the Indwelling will find practical helps that

will aid him in overcoming his diffidence in treating the greatness of our privileges as Temples of God. The serious thinking Catholic who desires more than a surface knowledge of his Faith, will find clear and simple explanations of this doctrine in *Further Discourses on the Holy Ghost*.

Spiritual Reflections

Rev. Henry Brenner, O.S.B., continues to offer us short reflections on spiritual themes. *Climbing Up to Heaven* (Grail, 127 pp., \$1.00) is a series of short essays on Christian Character formation. Every act of our daily life is helping us to climb up to heaven. The natural and supernatural virtues that lead a man to perfection are outlined in a very simple and familiar style. The examples and parables are easily understood. *Climbing Up to Heaven* is profitable reading for those interested in their spiritual development.

Helps for Communion

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B., has translated from the Latin a series of reflections on the *Eucharistic Christ* (Grail, 62 pp., 10 cents). In each preparation three questions are asked: Who Comes? To Whom does He Come? Why Does He come? The thanksgivings are very short and pointed. The thoughts are very stimulating and valuable for the frequent Communicant either in the convent or in the world.

Treatise on the Spiritual Life

Some fellow religious of St. Vincent Ferrer asked him for practical counsels on the life of virtue. The Saint gives the essence of his spiritual doctrine in very brief chapters in his *Treatise on the Spiritual Life* (Newman, 58 pp., 50 cents). Such practical topics as obedience, rules at table, counsels for choir, study, preaching, and means to escape the snares of the devil are treated in the book. The chapters repeat the solid doctrine of the Scriptures and the Fathers without expressly citing them. Souls desirous of perfection will find the helps they need in the *Treatise on the Spiritual Life*.

The Liguorian book department offers its services to all its readers, both for giving critical opinions about books and for obtaining books of their choice for them. Whether a book is mentioned in these columns or not, an opinion on it may be asked for, or it may be ordered through THE LIGUORIAN.



Lucid Intervals

"Daddy," asked the minister's little daughter, "why do you bow your head when you go into the pulpit?"

"I'm talking to God," replied the minister.

"What do you say to Him?" pursued the child.

"Well, I ask Him to give me a good sermon to preach."

"But Daddy," returned the little miss, "why doesn't He ever do it?"

✂

Hotel Guest (on phone): Are you the night clerk?

Clerk: Yeah, what's biting ya?

Guest: That's what I'd like to know.

✂

The editor of a midwestern town newspaper was tall and very dignified, but his temper was known to be short.

There was only one streetcar in the town, which ran down its main street once every half hour or so. The editor found it necessary to take it one winter morning after a severe storm, when the streets were a glare of ice.

As he descended from the car in front of his office, he slipped and stretched his full length on the icy pavement. His cane went in one direction and his hat in another. An acquaintance hurried out to commiserate with him and asked if he was hurt. The editor got to his feet, picked up his cane and hat, and barked out as he strode into his office: "Blazes, no! I always get out of a streetcar that way."

✂

Because he had been a naughty boy, little Murgatroid was sent to bed without any pudding.

In the evening, when his brothers and sisters were fast asleep, he crept downstairs, a tearful, white-robed figure, and said to his mother:

"Mummy, you told me never to go to sleep till I'd made peace with my enemies, so I've come down to forgive you and Daddy for being so rude to me tonight."

I had just finished one of my portraits and the sitter, a dignified old gentleman, was very much pleased with the likeness except for one thing. He thought the expression a bit too severe.

Soon afterward his family stopped in to see the portrait, and they too thought it was fine, but one of them exclaimed: "My, how pleasant father looks."

✂

Husband: "What's wrong, darling? Why the bandage on your eye?"

Wife: "Don't be silly. Can't you tell a hat when you see it?"

✂

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Morton Thousand. The new baby makes three Thousand girls, and three Thousand boys in the family.

✂

Mike laughed. "You mean to say you don't know what olives are? Here, have one."

Pat took a bite and screwed up his face while Mike ate his with obvious relish.

"Here, have another," offered Mike.

Pat took a cautious nibble, choked, and watched Mike down another.

The third and fourth were equally distasteful to Pat while Mike was eating his with apparent enjoyment.

Finally Pat broke down. "Mike," he said, "I can't understand it. I simply can't understand it."

"Understand what?" asked Mike.

"Well," said Pat, "you're getting all the good ones."

✂

"Sure, mister," he said, "I see it."

"Well, can't you read?" demanded the fireman.

"Sure I can read," admitted the other calmly.

"Then read what it says there. Don't you see what it says in big letters? It says—'No Smoking.'"

"Yes," agreed the East Sider with a winning smile, "but it don't say 'Positively.'"

LIGUORIAN Pamphlet Office

A New Pamphlet

SICK ROOM GUIDE

A practical manual of instructions for caring for the sick in a spiritual way. It tells when to call a priest, how to prepare for his coming, in what way to assist him, and what to do for the sick and dying when the priest is not at hand.

5 cents each, \$3.50 a hundred



Pamphlets for Lent

EXAMEN FOR LAYMEN

A complete listing of offenses against God, arranged under headings as mortal and venial sins, with appropriate penitential prayers.

10 cents each, \$7.00 a hundred

WAY OF THE CROSS

The well known text of St. Alphonsus Liguori for the 14 stations, with colored reprints of the famous paintings of Max Schmalzl for the Way of the Cross.

10 cents each, \$7.00 a hundred

Motion Picture Guide

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Ambush Trail
Bandit of Sherwood Forest
Burma Victory
Partners in Time
Red Dragon
Shadow Returns, The
Terror by Night
Virginian, The

Reviewed This Week

Abbott and Costello in Hollywood
Adventure for Two
Adventures of Rusty
Along the Navajo Trail
Anchors Aweigh
Appointment in Tokyo
Arson Squad
Bad Bascom
Bad Men of the Border
Bells of St. Mary's, The
Blazing the Western Trail
Border Bad Men
Boston Blackie's Rendezvous
Captain Eddie
Captain Kidd
Caribbean Mystery, The
Code of the Lawless
Colorado Pioneers
Daltons Ride Again, The
Ding Dong Williams
Easy to Look At
Enchanted Forest, The
Fighting Bill Carson
Flaming Bullets
Follow That Woman
Forever Yours
Frontier Feud
Frontier Fugitives
Frontier Gunlaw
Gay Senorita, The
Girl of the Limberlost
Her Highness and the Bellboy
Hidden Eye, The
Hit the Hay
House on 92nd Street, The
I Love a Band Leader
Johnny in the Clouds
Lawless Empire
Life With Blondie
Lightning Raiders
Lonesome Train
Lost Trail, The
Man from Oklahoma
Man to Remember, A
Marie-Louise
Miss Susie Slagle's
Navajo Kid
Nob Hill
Northwest Trail
On Stage Everybody
Our Vines Have Tender Grapes
Outlaws of the Rockies
Out of the Depths
Prairie Rustlers
Pursuit to Algiers
Radio Stars on Parade
Renegades of the Rio Grande
Rhythm Round-Up

Riders of the Dawn
Rough Riders of Cheyenne
Rustlers of the Badlands
Saddle Serenade
See My Lawyer
Senorita from the West
Shanghai Cobra, The
Six Gun Man
Song of Old Wyoming
South of the Rio Grande
Springtime in Texas
Stagecoach Outlaws
State Fair
Sunbonnet Sue
Sunset in El Dorado
Texas Panhandle
They Were Expensive
Thousand and One Night, A
Three in the Saddle
Tokyo Rose
Trail of Kit Carson
True Glory, The
Up Goes Maisie
Wagon Wheels Westward
Walk in the Sun, A
Wanderer of the Wasteland
What Next Corporal Hargrove?
West of the Pecos
White Pongo
Woman in Green, The
You Came Along
You Can't Do Without Love

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Close Call for Boston Blackie, A

Previously Reviewed

Abilene Town
And Then There Were None
Angel Comes to Brooklyn, An
Beautiful Cheat, The
Because of Him
Bedlam
Behind Green Lights
Bell for Adano, A
Black Market Babies
Breakfast in Hollywood
China Sky
Colonel Blimp
Col. Effingham's Raid
Come Out Fighting
Conflict
Cornered
Crime Doctor's Warning
Crimson Canary, The
Dakota
Danger Signal
Dangerous Intruder
Dangerous Partners
Deadline at Dawn
Detour
Dick Tracy
Divorce
Don't Fence Me In
Duffy's Tavern
Falcon, in San Francisco, The
Falcon's Alibi, The
Fear

First Yank Into Tokyo
Game of Death, A
George White's Scandals
Girls of the Big House
Great John L., The
Gun Town
Guy Could Change, A
Harvey Girl, The
Hold That Blonde
Hoodlum Saint, The
I'll Remember April
I Ring Doorbells
It Happened at the Inn (French)
Johnny Angel
Kiss and Tell
Lady on a Train
Last Chance, The
Leave Her to Heaven
Letter for Evie, A
Lost Weekend, The
Love, Honor and Goodbye
Love Letters
Madonna of the Seven Moons
Madonna's Secret, The
Mama Loves Papa
Man Alive
Meet Me on Broadway
My Name Is Julia Ross
My Reputation
One Way to Love
Over 21
Pardon My Past
Paris Underground
Penthouse Rhythm
People Are Funny
Portrait of Maria
Pride of the Marines
Prison Ship
Rhapsody in Blue
River Boat Rhythm
River Gang
San Antonio
Shadow of Terror
Shady Lady
She Went to the Races
Shock
Song of Mexico
Spanish Main, The
Spellbound
Spider, The
Spiral Staircase, The
Stork Club, The
Strange Affair of "Uncle Harry,"
The
Strange Confession
Strangler of the Swamp
Stranger Mr. Gregory, The
Swing Parade of 1946
Tars and Spars
Tarzan and the Leopard Woman
Tell It to a Star
Ten Cents a Dance
This Love of Ours
Too Young to Know
Trouble Chasers
Truth About Murder, The
Vacation from Marriage
Voice of the Whistler, The
Weekend at the Waldorf
Why Girls Leave Home
Within These Walls
Woman Who Came Back, The
Yolanda and the Thief
Ziegfeld Follies